

A
L O V E G I F T.

FOR

ALL SEASONS

Never durst poet touch pen to write,
Until his ink were temper'd with love's sighs,
And when love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony —

Shakespeare.

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S A M U E L B O Y S E .

Born 1768, died 1749.

ON PLATONIC LOVE.

Platonic Love!—a pretty name
For that romantic fire,
When souls confess a mutual flame,
Devoid of loose desire.

· If this new doctrine once prove true,
I own it something odd is,
That lovers should each other view
As if they wanted bodies.

If spirits thus can live embraced,
The union may be lasting:
But, faith! 'tis hard the mind should feast,
And keep its partner fasting.

“ Nature (says Horace) is in tears,
When her just claim's denied her ; ”
And this platonic love appears
To be a scripp provider.

S A M U E L J O H N S O N ,

Born 1709, died 1785.

SUMMER.

O Phœbus ! down the western sky,
 Far hence diffuse thy burning ray,
 Thy light to distant worlds supply,
 And wake them to the cares of day.

Come, gentle Eve, the friend of care,
 Come, Cynthia, lovely queen of night !
 Refresh me with a cooling breeze,
 And cheer me with a lambent light.

Lay me where o'er the verdant ground
 The living carpet Nature spreads ;
 • Where the green bowen, with roses crown'd,
 In showers its fragrant foliage sheds.

Improve the peaceful hour with wine,
 Let music die along the grove ;
 Around the bowl let myrtles twine,
 And every strain be tun'd to love.

Come, Stella, queen of all my heart !
 Come, born to fill its vast desires,
 Thy looks perpetual joy impart,
 Thy voice perpetual love inspires.

EDWARD MOORE.

Whilst all my wish and thine complete,
By turns we languish and we burn,
Let sighing gales our sighs repeat,
Our murmurs—murmuring brooks return.

Let me, when Nature calls to rest,
And blushing skies the morn foretell,
Sink on the down of Stella's breast,
And bid the waking world farewell.

E D W A R D M O O R E .

Born 1711, died 1757.

THE LOVER AND THE FRIEND.

O thou, for whom my lyre I string!
Of whom I speak, and think, and sing
Thou constant object of my joys,
Whose sweetness every wish employs
Thou dearest of thy sex attend,
And hear the Lover and the Friend.

Fear not the poet's fluttering strain:
No idle praise my verse shall stain:
The lowly numbers shall impart
The faithful dictates of my heart;
Nor humble modesty offend,
And part the Lover from the Friend.

Not distant is the cruel, 'ay'
That tears me from my hopes away :
Then frown not, Fairest ! if I try
To steal the moisture from your eye ;
Or force your heart a sigh to send,
To mourn the Lover and the Friend.

No perfect joy my life e'er knew,
But what arose from love and you ;
Nor can I fear another pain
Than your unkindness or disdain ;
Then let your looks their pity lend,
To cheer the Lover and the Friend.

Whole years I strove against the flame,
And suffer'd ills that want a name ;
Yet still the painful secret kept,
And to myself in silence wept ;
Till, grown unable to contend,
I own'd the Lover and the Friend !

I saw you still.—Your generous heart
In all my sorrows bore a part :
Yet, while your eyes with pity glow'd,
No words of hope your tongue bestow'd ;
But, mildly, bid me cease to blend
The name of Lover with the Friend.

Sick with desire, and mad with pain,
I seek for happiness in vain :

Thou lovely Maid to thee I cry,
Heal me with kindness, or I die,
From sad despair my soul defend,
And fix the Lover and the Friend'

Curs'd be all wealth, that can destroy
My utmost hope of earthly joy'
'Thy gifts, O fortune' I resign,
Let her and poverty be mine'
And every year that life shall lend,
Shall bless the Lover and the Friend.

In vain, alas' in vain I strive
To keep a dying hope alive'
The last sad remedy remains,
'Tis absence, that must heal my pains,
Thy image from my bosom rend,
And force the Lover from the Friend

Vain thought' though seas between us roll,
Thy love is rooted in my soul,
The vital flood that warms my heart
With thy idea must depart,
And death's decisive stroke must end
At once the Lover and the Friend.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

Born 1714, died 1763.

THE LANDSCAPE.

How pleased within my native bowers,
 Erewhile I pass'd the day !
 Was ever scene so deck'd with flowers ;
 Were ever flowers so gay ?

How sweetly smiled the hill, the vale,
 And all the landscape round !
 The river gliding down the dale,
 The hill with beeches crown'd !

But now, when urged by tender woes,
 I speed to meet my dear ;
 That hill and stream my zeal oppose,
 And check my fond career.

No more, since Daphne was my theme,
 Their wonted charms I see :
 That verdant hill and silver stream
 Divide my love and me.

THE SCHOLAR'S RELAPSE.

By the side of a grove, at the foot of a hill,
 Where whisper'd the beech, and where murmur'd the
 rill
 I vow'd to the Muses my time and my care,
 Since neither could win me the smiles of my fair.

THOMAS GRAY.

Free I ranged like the birds, like the birds free I
 sung,
And Delia's loved name scarce escaped from my
 tongue :
But if once a smooth accent delighted my ear,
I should wish, unawares, that my Delia might hear.

With fairest ideas my bosom I stored,
Allusive to none but the nymph I adored ;
And the more I with study my fancy refined,
The deeper impression she made on my mind.

So long as of nature the charms I pursue,
I still must my Delia's dear image renew ;
The Graces have yielded with Delia to rove,
And the Muses are all in alliance with Love. •

T H O M A S G R A Y ,

Born 1716, died 1771.

AMATORY LINES.

With beauty, with pleasure surrounded, to languish—
To weep without knowing the cause of his anguish :
To start from short slumbers, and wish for the morning :
To close my dull eyes when I see it returning
Sighs sudden and frequent, looks ever dejected,
Words that steal from my tongue, but no meaning con-
 nected !—

Ah, say, fellow swains, how these symptoms beset me ?
They smile, but reply not—sure Delia can tell me ! •

MARK 'AKÉNSIDE,

Born 1721, died 1770.

The shape alone let others prize,
The features of the fair; ,
I look for spirit in her eyes,
And meaning in her air.

A damask cheek, an ivory arm,
Shall ne'er my wishes win;
Give me an animated form
That speaks a mind within.

A face where awful honour shines,
Where sense and sweetness move,
And angel innocence refines
The tenderness of love.

These are the soul of Beauty's frame,
Without whose vital aid,
Unfix'd sh'd all her features seem,
And all her roses dead.

But, ah! where both their charms unite,
How perfect is the view;
With every image of delight,
With graces ever new.

Of power the charm, the greatest woe;
 The wildest rage control,
 Diffusing mildness o'er the brow,
 And rapture through the soul

Their power but faintly to express
 All language must despair ;
 But go, behold Arpasia's face,
 And read it perfect there.

J O S E P H W A R T O N ,

Born 1722, died 1800.

ON THE SPRING.—TO A LADY.

Lo ! Spring, array'd in primrose-colour'd robe,
 Fresh beauties sheds on each enliven'd scene,
 With showers and sunshine cheers the smiling globe,
 And mantles hill and dale in glowing green.

All nature feels her vital heat around,
 The pregnant glebe now bursts with foodful grain ;
 With kindly warmth she opens the frozen ground,
 And with new life informs the teeming plain.

She calls the fishes from their oozy beds,
 And animates the deep with genial love ;
 She bids the herds bound sportive o'er the mead,
 And with glad songs awakes the joyous grove.

No more the glaring tiger roams for prey,
 All-powerful Love subdues his savage soul ;
 To find his spotted mate he darts away,
 While gentler thoughts the thirst of blood control.

But, ah ! while all is warmth and soft desire,
 While all around Spring's cheerful influence own.
 You feel not, Amoret, her quickening fire,
 To Spring's kind influence a foe alone.

W I L L I A M M A S O N .

Born 1725, died 1797.

SONG.

When first I dared, by soft surprise,
 To breathe my love in Flavia's ear,
 I saw the mix'd sensations rise
 Of trembling joy and pleasing fear ;
 Her cheek forgot its rosy hue,
 For what has art with love to do ?
 But soon the crimson glow return'd,
 Ere half my passion was express'd,
 The eye that closed, the cheek that burn'd,
 The quivering lip, the panting breast,
 Show'd that she wish'd or thought me true ;
 For what has art with love to do ?

Ah ! speak, I cried, thy soft assent :
 She strove to speak, she could but sigh ;
 A glance, more heavenly eloquent,
 Left language nothing to supply.

She press'd my hair, with fervour new;
For what has art with love to do?

Ye practised nymphs, who, from your charms,
By Fashion's rules, enjoy your skill;
Torment your swains with false alarms,
And, ere you cure, pretend to kill:
Still, still your sex's wiles pursue,
Such tricks she leaves to art and you.

Secure of native powers to please,
My Flavia scorns all mean pretence;
Her form is elegance and ease,
Her soul is truth and innocence;
And these, O heartfelt ecstasy!
She gives to honour, love, and me.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

Born 1728, died 1774.

STANZAS ON WOMAN.

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy?
What art can wash her guilt away?

- The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom is—to die.

EDWARD LOVIBOND

Born —, died 1775.

TO KITTY.

Amid thy native mountains, Cambrian Fair!
 Were some lone plant supported by thy care,
 Sav'd from the blast, from winter's chilling powers,
 In vernal suns, in vernal shades and showers.
 By thee, reviving; did the favor'd tree
 Exist, and blossom, and mature by thee;
 To that selected plant did Heaven dispense,
 With vegetable life, a nobler sense;
 Would it not bless thy virtues? gentle maid!
 Would it not woo thy beauties to its shade?
 Bid all its buds in rich luxuriance shoot,
 To crown thy summer with autumnal fruit;
 Spread all its leaves, a pillow to thy rest;
 Give all its flowers to languish on thy breast;
 Reject the tendrils of the uxorious vine,
 And stretch its longing arms—to circle thine?
 Yes; in creation's intellectual reign,
 Where life, sense, reason, with progressive chain
 Dividing, blending, form the harmonious whole.
 That plant am I distinguished by a soul.

What bid me seek another fair,
 In untried paths of female wiles?

And posies weave of other hair,
 And bask secure in other smiles?
 Thy friendly stars no longer prize,
 And light my course by other eyes?
 Ah, no!—my dying lips shall close,
 Unalter'd love, as faith, professing;
 Nor, praising him who life bestows,
 Forget who makes that gift a blessing
 My last address to heaven is due,
 The last but one is all—to you.

JOHN CUNNINGHAM.

Born 1729, died 1773.

HOLIDAY-GOWN.

In holiday gown, and my new-fangled hat,
 Last Monday I tripp'd to the fair;
 I held up my head, and I'll tell you for what,—
 Brisk Roger I guess'd would be there:
 He wooes me to marry whenever we meet,
 There's honey sure dwells on his tongue!
 He hugs me so close, and he kisses so sweet.—
 I'd wed—if I were not too young.

Fond Sue. I'll assure you, laid hold on the boy,
 (The vixen would fain be his bride,)
 Some token she claim'd, either ribbon or toy
 And swore that she'd not be denied.

A top-knot he bought her, and garters of green—
 Pert Sur-an was cruelly stung;
 I hate her so much that, to kill her with spleen,
 I'd wed—if I were not too young.

He whisper'd such soft pretty things in mine ear!
 He flatter'd, he promis'd, and swore!
 Such trinkets he gave me, such laces and geer,
 That trust me,—my pockets ran o'er:
 Some ballads he bought me; the best he could find,
 And sweetly their burden he sung;
 Good faith! he's so handsome, so witty, and kind,
 I'd wed—if I were not too young.

The sun was just setting, 'twas time to retire,
 (Our cottage was distant a mile);
 I rose to be gone—Roger how'd like a squire,
 And handed me over the stile:
 His arms he threw round me—love laugh'd in his eye;
 He led me the meadows among,
 There press'd me so close, I agreed, with a sigh,
 To wed—for I was not too young.

FANNY OF THE DALE.

Let the declining damask rose
 With envious look grow pale:
 The summer bloom more freely glows
 In Fanny of the dale.

Is there a sweet that decks the field,
 Or scents the morning gale;
 Can such a vernal fragrance yield,
 As Fanny of the dale?

The painted belles, at court rever'd,
 Look lifeless, cold, and stale:
 How faint their beauties, when compar'd
 With Fanny of the dale!

The willows bind Pastora's brows,
 Her fond advances fail:
 For Damon pays his warmest vows
 To Fanny of the dale.

Must honest truth at last succeed,
 And artless love prevail;
 Thrice happy could he tune his reed
 With Fanny of the dale!

J O H N S C O T T ,

OF AMWELL.

Born 1730, died 1783.

WRITTEN AFTER READING SOME MODERN LOVE,
 VERSES.

Take hence this tuneful trifler's lays!
 I'll hear no more th' unmeaning strain
 Of Venus' doves, and Cupid's darts,
 And killing eyes, and wounded hearts:

All Flattery's round of fulsome praise,
 All Falselood's cant of fabled pain.
 Bring me the Muse whose tongue has told
 Love's genuine, plaintive, tender tale;
 Bring me the Muse whose sounds of woe,
 Midst Death's dread scenes, so sweetly flow,
 When Friendship's faithful breast lies cold,
 When Beauty's blooming cheek is pale;
 Bring these—I like their grief sincere;
 It soothes my sympathetic gloom:
 For, oh! Love's genuine pains I've borne,
 And Death's dread rage has made me mourn;
 I've wept o'er Friendship's early bier,
 And dropp'd the tear on beauty's tomb.

WILLIAM FALCONER.

Born 1730, died 1769.

A nymph of every charm, possess'd
 That native virtue gives,
 Within my bosom, all-confess'd,
 In bright idea lives.
 For her my trembling numbers play
 Along the pathless deep,
 While sadly social with my lay,
 The winds in concert weep.
 If beauty's sacred influence charms
 The rage of adverse fate,
 Say, why the pleasing, soft alarms,
 Such cruel pangs create!

Since all her thoughts, by sense refin'd,
Unartful truth express,
Say, wherefore sense and truth are join'd
To give my soul distress?

If when her blooming lips I press,
Which vernal fragrance fills,
Through all my veins the sweet excess
In trembling motion thrills;
Say, whence this secret anguish grows,
Congenial with my joy?
And why the touch, where pleasure glows,
Should vital peace destroy?

If when my Fair, in melting song
Awakes the vocal lay,
Not all your notes ye Phocian throng
Such pleasing sounds convey;
Thus wrapt all o'er with fondest love,
Why heaves this broken sigh?
For then my blood forgets to move:
I gaze, adore, and die.

Accept, my charming maid, the strain
Which you alone inspire;
To thee the dying strings complain,
That quiver on my lyre.
O! give this bleeding bosom ease,
That knows no joys but thee;
Teach me thy happy art to please,
Or design to love like me!

JOHN LANGHORNE,

Born 1735, died 1779.

TO MISS CRACROFT,

WRAPPED ROUND A NOSEFLAY OF VIOLETS.

Dear object of my late and early prayer !
 Source of my joy ! and solace of my care !
 Whose gentle friendship such a charm can give,
 As makes me wish, and tells me how, to live.
 To thee the Muse, with grateful hand, would bring
 These first fair children of the doubtful Spring.
 O may they, fearless of a varying sky,
 Bloom on thy breast, and smile beneath thine eye,
 In fairer lights than vivid blue display,
 And sweeter breathe their little lives away !

THOMAS PENROSE.

Born 1713, died 1779.

TO MISS S.

The fates ordain, we must obey !
 This, this is doom'd to be the day
 The hour of war draws near,
 The eager crew, with busy care,
 Then instruments of death prepare,
 And banish every fear.

The martial trumpets call to arms,
 Each breast with such an ardour warms
 As Britons only know:
 The flag of battle waving high,
 Attracts with joy each Briton's eye;
 With terror strikes the foe.

Amidst this nobly awful scene,
 Ere yet fell slaughter's rage begin,
 Ere death his conquests swell;
 Let me to Love this tribute pay,
 For Mary frame the parting lay—
 Perhaps, my last "farewell!"

For since full low among the dead—
 Must many a gallant youth be laid,
 Ere this day's work be o'er:
 Perhaps, ev'n I, with joyful eyes
 That saw this morning's sun arise,
 Shall see it set no more.

My love, that ever burnt so true,
 That but for thee no wishes knew,
 My heart's fond, best desire!
 Shall be remembered even in death
 And only with my latest breath,
 With life's last pang expire.

And when, dear maid, my fate you hear,
 (Sure love like mine demands one tear,

Demands, one heartfelt sigh!
 My past sad errors, O forgive!
 Let my few virtues only live,
 My follies with me die.

But, hark! the voice of battle calls!
 Loud thundering from the towery walls,
 Now roars the hostile gun.
 Adieu, dear maid,—with ready feet
 I go, prepared the worst to meet:
 Thy will, O God, be done!

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD.

Born 1743, died 1825.

SONG.

Come here, fond youth, whoe'er thou be,
 That boasts to love as well as me;
 And if thy breast have felt so wide a wound,
 Come hither and thy flame approve;
 I'll teach thee what it is to love,
 And by what marks true passion may be found.

It is to be all bath'd in tears;
 To live upon a smile for years;
 To lie whole ages at a beauty's feet;
 To kneel, to languish, and implore;
 And still, though she disdain, adore:
 It is to do all this, and think thy sufferings sweet.

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD.

It is to gaze upon her eyes
With eager joy and fond surprise;
Yet temper'd with such chaste and awful fear
As wretches feel who wait their doom;
Nor must one ruder thought presume
Though but in whispers breath'd to meet her ear.

It is to hope, though hope were lost;
Though heaven and earth thy passion cross;
Though she were bright as sainted queens above,
And thou the least and meanest swain
That folds his flock upon the plain,
Yet if thou dar'st not hope, thou dost not love.

It is to quench thy joy in tears;
To nurse strange doubts and groundless fears:
If pangs of jealousy thou hast not proved
Though she were fonder and more true
Than any nymph old poets drew,
Oh never dream again that thou hast lov'd.

If when the darling maid is gone,
Thou dost not seek to be alone.
Wrapt in a pleasing trance of tender woe;
And muse, and fold thy languid arms,
Feeding thy fancy on her charms,
Thou dost not love, for love is nourish'd so.

If any hopes thy bosom share
But those which love has planted there,
Or any cares but his thy breast enthrall,

Thou never yet his power hast known ;
 Love sits on a despotic throne,
 And reigns a tyrant if he reigns at all.

Now if thou art so lost a thing,
 Here all thy tender sorrows bring,
 And prove whose patience longest can endure.
 We'll strive whose fancy shall be lost
 In dreams of fondest fancy most :
 For if thou thus hast lov'd, oh, never hope a cure.

JOHN LOGAN.

Born 1748, died 1788.

Maria, come ! Now let us rove ;
 Now gather garlands in the grove,
 Of every new-sprung flower ;
 We'll hear the warblings of the wood ;
 We'll trace the windings of the flood :
 O come thou, fairer than the bud
 Unfolding in a shower !

Fair as the lily of the vale,
 That gives it's bosom to the gale,
 And opens in the sun !
 And sweeter than thy favourite dove,
 The Venus of the vernal grove,
 Announcing to the choirs of love
 Their time of bliss begun !

Now, now thy Spring of life appears ;
Fair in the morning of thy years,
And May of beauty crown'd :
Now vernal visions meet thine eyes,
Poetic dreams to fancy rise,
And brighter days in better skies ;
Elysium blooms around !

Now is the morning of thy day :
But, ah ! the morning flies away,
And youth is on the wing ;
'Tis Nature's voice—' O ! pull the rose,
Now while the bud in beauty blows,
Now while it's opening leaves disclose
The incense of the Spring !'

What youth, high-favour'd of the skies,
What youth shall win the brightest prize
That nature has in store ?
Whose conscious eyes shall meet with thine ?
Whose arms thy yielding waist entwine ?
Who, ravish'd with thy charms divine,
Require of Heaven no more ?

Not happier the primeval pair,
When new-made earth, supremely fair,
Smil'd in her Virgin Spring :
When all was fair to God's own eye ;
When stars consenting sung on high,
And all Heaven's chor^{us} made the sky
With hallelujahs ring !

CHARLES JAMES FOX.

Born 1748 died 1806.

Where the loveliest expression to features is join'd,
 By Nature's most delicate pencil design'd ;
 Where blushes unbidden, and smiles without art,
 Speak the softness and feeling that dwell in the heart ;
 Where in manners, enchanting, no blemish we trace,
 But the soul keeps the promise we had from the face ;
 Sure philosophy, reason, and coldness must prove
 Defences unequal to shield us from love :
 Then tell me, mysterious Enchanter, oh, tell !
 By what wonderful art, by what magical spell,
 My heart is so fenc'd that for once I am wise,
 And gaze without rapture on Amoret's eyes ;
 That my wishes, which never were bounded before,
 Are here bounded by friendship, and ask for no more ?
 Is it reason ?—No ; that my whole life will belie,
 For who so at variance as reason and I ?
 Ambition, that fills up each chink of my heart,
 Nor allows any softer sensation a part ?
 O, no ! for in this all the world must agree,
 One folly was never sufficient for me.
 Is my mind on distress too intensely employ'd,
 Or by pleasure relax'd, by variety cloy'd ?
 For all in this only, enjoyment and pain
 Both ~~are~~ ^{are} the springs of those nerves which they

That I've felt each reverse that from fortune can flow,
 That I've tasted each bliss that the happiest know,
 Has still been the whimsical fate of my life;
 Where anguish and joy have been ever at strife :
 But, though vers'd in extremes both of pleasure and
 pain,
 I am still but too ready to feel them again.
 If, then, for this once in my life, I am free,
 And escape from a snare might catch wiser than me ;
 'Tis that beauty alone but imperfectly charms ;
 For though brightness may dazzle, 'tis kindness that
 warms :
 As on suns in the winter with pleasure we gaze,
 But feel not their warmth, though their splendour we
 praise,
 So beauty our just admiration may claim,
 But love, and love only, the heart can enflame !

J A M E S G R A E M E .

Born 1749, died 1772.

Farewell, companions of my secret sighs,
 Love-haunted streams, and vales besprènt with dew !
 Pensive I see the ridgy hills arise,
 Which must for ever hide you from my view.

 A fleeting shadow was my promis'd peace,
 The baseless fabric of a dream, my rest ;
 I laid me down in confidence of ease,
 And heedless sorrow burst my bleeding breast.

See, yonder fleets the visionary scheme,
 The fond illusion of a simple mind—
 The sweets of love,—the solitary stream,
 The fragrant meadow, and the whispering wind.

Say, my Eliza! was it fancied bliss
 You used to picture, by yon falling rill?
 O, say, where is it?—must it end in this?
 O still deceive, and I'll believe you still!

Say fortune yet has happier days in store,
 Days big with transport, and with raptures new;
 O! say I'm your's, I ask, I hope no more;
 But only say so, and I'll think it true.

But whither wanders my discompos'd brain,
 On seas of fancy and vagary tost?
 Before me lies a bleak extended plain,
 And love and rapture are for ever lost!

Night, raven-wing'd usurps her peaceful reign;
 Sleep's lenient balsam stills the voice of woe;
 A keener breeze breathes o'er the lowly plain,
 And pebbly rills in deeper murmurs flow.

The pale moon through yonder dreary grove,
 The screech-owl's haunt, emits a feeble ray;
 The plummy warblers, quit the song of love,
 And dangle, slumb'ring, on the dewy spray.

The mastiff, conscious of the lover's tread,
 With wakeful yell the list'ning Maid alarms,

Who, loosely rob'd, forsakes the downy bed,
And springs reserveless to his longing arms

O, happy he! who, with the maid he loves,
Thus toys, endearing, on the twilight green,
While all is rapture, Cupid's self approves,
And Jove, consenting, veils the tender scene.

O, happy he! by gracious fate allow'd,
At dusky eve, to clasp the tender waist,
Press the soft lip, dissolve the silky shroud,
And feel the heavings of a love-sick breast.

Once mine the bliss:—But now, with plaintive care,
I, lonely wandering, tune the voice of woe!
And, patient, brave the chilly midnight air,
Where wild woods thicken, and where waters flow.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

Born 1751, died 1816.

Mark'd you her cheek of roseate hue?
Mark'd you her eye of radiant blue?—
That eye, in liquid circles moving!
That cheek, abash'd at man's approving!
The one Love's arrows darting round,
•The other blushing at the wound.

Ye swains whom radiant beauty moves,
 Or music's art with sounds divine,
 Think how the rapturous charm improves
 When two such gifts together join.

Where Cupid's bow, and Phœbus' lyre,
 In the same powerful hand are found,
 Where lovely eyes inflame desire,
 And trembling notes are taught to wound.

Enquire not out the matchless Fair
 Who can this double death bestow,
 If her enchanting voice you hear,
 Or view her eyes, too soon you'll know !

Dried be that tear, my gentlest Love !
 Be hush'd that struggling sigh,
 Not Season's day, nor Fate shall prove
 More fix'd, more true than I,
 Hush'd be that sigh, be dry that tear,
 Cease boding doubt, cease anxious fear.

Dost ask how long my vows shall stay,
 When all that's new is past ?
 How long ? my Delia, can I say,
 How long my life will last ?
 Dried be that tear, be hush'd that sigh,
 At least I'll love thee till I die

And does that thought affect thee too,
 The thought of Sylvia's death;
 That he who only breathes for you
 Must yield that faithful breath?
 Hush'd be that sigh, be dry that tear;
 Nor let us lose our heaven while here!

SIR JOHN MOORE.

Born 1756, died 1780.

Cease to blame my melancholy,
 Though with sighs and folded arms,
 I muse in silence on her charms;
 Censure not—I know 'tis folly.

Yet, these mournful thoughts possessing,
 Such delight I find in grief,
 That, could heaven afford relief,
 My fond heart would scorn the blessing.

TO ———.

If in that breast, so good, so pure,
 Compassion ever lov'd to dwell,
 Pity the sorrows I endure,
 The cause—I must not—dare not tell.

The grief that on my quiet preys,
 That rends my heart, that checks my tongue,
 I fear will last me all my days,
 But feel it will not last me long.

WILLIAM GIRFORD

Born 1767, died 1827.

TO A TUFT OF EARLY VIOLETS.

Sweet flowers that from your humble beds
 Thus prematurely dare to rise,
 And trust your unprotected heads
 To cold Aquarius' wat'ry skies ;

Retire, retire, these tepid airs
 Are not the genial brood of May ;
 That sun with light malignant glares,
 And flatters only to betray.

Stern winter's reign is not yet past—
 Lo, while your buds prepare to blow,
 On icy pinions comes the blast,
 And nips your root and lays you low.

Alas, for such ungentle doom !
 But I will shield you ; and supply
 A kindlier soil on which to bloom,
 A nobler bed on which to die.

Come then—ere yet the morning ray
 Has drunk the dew that gems your crest,
 And drawn your balmy sweets away ;
 O come, and grace my ANNA's breast.

Ye droop, fond flowers! But did ye know
What worth, what goodness there reside,
Your cups with loveliest tints would glow,
And spread their leaves with generous pride

For there has liberal Nature join'd
Her riches to the stores of art,
And added to the vigorous mind,
The soft, the sympathising heart.

Come then—ere yet the morning ray
Has drunk the dew that gems your crest,
And drawn your balmiest sweets away;
O come and grace my Anna's breast.

O! I should think,—that fragrant bed
Might I but hope with you to share,—
Years of anxiety repaid,
By one short hour of transport there!

More blest than me, thus shall ye live
Your little day; and when ye die,
Sweet flowers! the grateful Muse shall give
A verse; the sorrowing Maid, a sigh.

While I, alas! no distant date,
Mix with the dust from whence I came,
Without a friend to weep my fate,
Without a stone to tell my name.

WRITTEN TWO YEARS AFTER THE PRECEDING.

I wish I was where ANNA lies !
For I am sick of lingering here ;
And every hour affection cries
‘ Go, and partake her humble bier !’

I wish I could ! for when she died
I lost my all ; and life has prov’d
Since that sad hour a dreary void,
A waste unlovely and unlov’d.—

But who, when I am turn’d to clay,
Shall duly to her grave repair ;
And pluck the ragged moss away,
And weeds that have ‘ no business there ?’

And who with pious hand shall bring
The flowers she cherish’d, snow-drops cold,
And violets that unheeded spring,
To scatter o’er her hallow’d mould ?

And who, while Memory loves to dwell
Upon her name, for ever dear,
Shall feel his heart with passion swell,
And pour the bitter, bitter tear ?

I did it ; and would Fate allow,
Should visit still, should still deplore—
But health and strength have left me now,
And I, alas ! can weep no more.

Take then, sweet maid! this simple strain,
 The last I offer at thy shrine;
 Thy grave must then undecl'd remain,
 And all thy memory fade with mine.

And can thy soft persuasive look,
 Thy voice that might with music vie,
 Thy air, that every gaze took,
 Thy matchless eloquence of eye,

Thy spirits, frolicsome as good,
 Thy courage, by no ills dismay'd,
 Thy patience by no wrongs subdu'd,
 Thy gay good humour—can they “fade.”

—•—

WILLIAM SÖTHEBY.

Born 1757, died 1833.

A FANCY SKETCH.

I knew a gentle maid: I ne'er shall view
 Her like again; and yet the vulgar eye
 Might pass the charms I traced regardless by:
 For pale her cheek, unmark'd with roseate hue,
 Nor beam'd from her mild eye a dazzling glance,
 Nor flash'd her nameless graces on the sight:
 Yet Beauty never wore such pure delight.
 Fine was her form, as Dian's in the dance:

D .

Her voice was music, in her silence dwelt
 Expression, every look instinct with thought
 Though oft her mind, by youth to rapture wrought,
 Struck forth wild wit, and fancies ever new,
 The lightest touch of woe her soul would melt
 And on her lips, when gleam'd a lingering smile,
 Pity's warm tear gush'd down her cheek the while;
 Thy like, thou gentle maid ! I ne'er shall view

R O B I R T B U R N S .

Born 1759, died 1796

ADDRESS TO THE WOOD-LARK.

O, stay, sweet warbling wood-lark, stay
 Not quit for me the trembling spray ;
 A hapless lover courts thy lay,
 Thy soothing fond complaining.

Agon, agon that tender part,
 That I may catch thy melting art,
 For surely that woe touch her heart,
 Who kills me with disdainings

Sav, was thy little mite unkind,
 And heard thee as the careless wind ?
 Oh, nocht but love and sorrow join'd,
 Sic notes o' wae could wauken !

Thou tells o' never-ending care;
 O' speechless grief, and dark despair;
 For pity's sake, sweet bird na mair!
 Or my poor heart is broken!

GROVES O' SWEET MYRTLE.

Their groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,
 Where bright-beaming summers exalt the perfume;
 Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,
 Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom.

Far dearer to me are yon humble broom bowers,
 Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk lowly unseen;
 For there, lightly tripping amang the wild flowers,
 A listening the linnët, aft wanders my Jean.

Tho' rich is the breeze in their gay sunny valleys,
 And cauld Caledonia's blast on the wave;
 Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud
 palace,—
 What are they?—The haunt of the tyrant and slave!

The slave's spicy forests, and gold bubbling fountains,
 The brave Caledonian views wi' disdain;
 He wanders as free as the winds of his mountains,
 Save love's willing fetters, the chains o' his Jean.

FAREWELL TO NANCY.

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever !
 Ae farewell, alas, for ever !
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee,
 Who shall say that fortune grieves him,
 While the star of hope she leaves him ?
 Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me ;
 Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
 Naething could resist my Nancy :
 But to see her, was to love her ;
 Love but her, and love for ever.
 Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
 Had we never lov'd sae blindly,
 Never met—or never parted,
 We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee weel thou first and fairest !
 Fare thee weel thou best and dearest !
 There be ilka joy and treasure,
 Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure !
 Ae fond kiss and then we sever !
 A fareweel, alas, for ever !,
 Deep in heart-rung tears I'll pledge thee,
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

Thou lingering star, with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.

O Mary! dear departed shade?
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget?
Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love?

Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace:
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr gurgling kiss'd the pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning green;
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twin'd am'rous round the raptur'd scene.

The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on ev'ry spray,
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
 And fondly broods with miser care !
 Time but the impression deeper makes,
 As streams their channels deeper wear.

My Mary, dear departed shade !
 Where is thy blissful place of rest ?
 Seest thou thy lover lowly laid ?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast ?

GEORGE HAY DRUMMOND.

Born —, died —.

SONNET.

'Tis not in Hymen's gay propitious hour,
 With summer beams and genial breezes blest,
 That man a Consort's worth approveth best :
 'Tis when the skies with gloomy tempests lour,
 When cares and sorrows all their torrents pour,
 She clasps him closer to her hallow'd breast,
 Pillows his head, and lays his heart to rest ;
 Dry'g her cheek from sympathetic show'r,
 Thus when along Calabria's sulph'rous coast,
 Whilst lurid clouds hang low, and heaves the sea,
 In dumb suspense, as one in horror lost,
 Nature awaits some fell catastrophe ;
 The flight of selfish fowl no partner shares,
 But faithful turtles refuge seeks in pairs.

LINES INSCRIBED ON THE TOMB OF LAURA, AND
HER INFANT SON,

Go, saint belov'd, enjoy celestial rest!

Go, in the strength of all-redeeming grace!
Rejoin thy cherub babes in mansions blest,
And see thy great Creator face to face!

For sure of social and domestic love
A brighter model ne'er this earth hath trod!
A purer angel of the realms above
Ne'er bore an infant spirit to his God.

THOMAS PARK.

Born 1760, died 1834.

TO MRS. P.

For *thee* best treasure of a husband's heart,—
Whose bliss it is that thou for life art so;
That thy fond bosom bears a faithful part
In every casual change his breast can know:
For *thee* whom virtuous passion made his choice,
Whom genius and affection make his pride,
Connubial rapture tunes his grateful voice,
And hails the mother dearer than the bride:
And, though thy worth deserves a brighter palm
Than laureate hands round diadems entwine,
Love's simple chaplet happily may charm,
With truer, tenderer ecstasy, from mine!
And let me still but reign thy "bosom's lord,"
Be fame or wealth thy votary's reward.

W I L L I A M A B E L O E .

Born — , died — .

SONNET.

Breathe soft, ye Gales! along the vernal plain,
 More solemn notes awake my gentle Lyre;
 For, did not Beauty ask a different strain?
 A theme far different of the Muse' require?
 Fair though she be; though each impassion'd heart,
 Powerless, submit to her superior charms;
 She bids—and I forego the pleasing part,
 To sing of beauty, and of love's alarms.
 Be to her virtue, then, my song address'd,
 Here, let the Muse her strength, her sweetness
 prove;
 And sure she is with every virtue bless'd,
 Which heightens beauty, and increases love!
 As shines the blushing rose, midst dews of morn,
 So does Semira's mind her form adorn.

—

SIR SAMUEL EGERTON BRYDGES.

Born 1762, died 1837.

TO MARY.

Where art thou, Mary, pure as fair,
 And fragrant as the balmy air,
 That, passing, steals upon its wing
 The varied perfumes of the Spring?

With tender bosom, white as snow,
With auburn locks, that freely flow
Upon thy marble neck; with cheeks,
On which the blush of morning breaks;
Eyes, in whose pure and heavenly beams
The radiance of enchantment seems;
A voice, whose melting tones would still
The madness of Revenge from ill;
A form of such a graceful mould,
We scarce an earthly shape behold;
A mind of so divine a fire,
As angels only could inspire?—
Where art thou, Mary? for the sod
Is hallow'd, where thy feet have trod;
And every head that's touch'd by thee,
Is sanctified, sweet maid! to me.
Where dost thou lean thy pensive head?
Thy tears what tender tale can shed?
Where dost thou stretch thy snowy arm,
And with thy plaintive accents charm?—
But hold! that image through my frame
Raises a wild tempestuous flame.—
Oh! Mary, Mary, hark the tale
Of luckier votaries prevail,
And happier, happier days be thine:—
But woes and frenzy must be mine.

ON MUTUAL LOVE.

Oh, Love, requited Love, how fine thy thrills,
 That shake the trembling frame with ecstasy :
 'Ev'n every vein celestial pleasure fills,
 And inexpressive bliss is in each sigh ;
 In the transc'd ear ærial music trills,
 Fairies enchanted radiance round supply,
 Nectar divine the magic cup distils,
 And heavenly figures dance before the eye :
 The dear ador'd Beauty, who in tears,
 Seen through her smiles, has charm'd the lover's
 wocs,
 An Angel not of earthly mould appears ;
 And spreads enchantment wheresoe'er she goes.
 Oh Heaven, kind Heaven, that joy like this would
 last !
 But bliss is not for earth ; clouds rise, the vision's
 past.

JOSEPH D A C R E C A R L Y L E

Born —, died 1804.

T O A L A D Y W E E P I N G .

FROM THE ARABIC OF EAOR ABRUMI.

When I beheld thy blue eye shine
 Through the bright drop that pity drew,
 I saw beneath those tears of thine
 A blue-eyed Violet, bathed in dew,

The Violet even scents the gale,
 Its hues adorn the fairest wreath,
 But sweetest through a dewy veil
 Its colours glow, its odours breathe.

And thus thy charms in brightness rise,
 When wit and pleasure round thee play;
 When mirth sits smiling in thine eyes,
 Who but admires their sprightly ray?

But when through pity's flood they gleam,
 Who but must love their softest beam?

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

Born 1766, died 1823.

You ask me, dear Nancy, what makes me presume
 That you cherish a secret affection for me?
 When we see the flowers bud, don't we look for the
 bloom?
 Then, sweetest! attend, while I answer to thee.

When we young men with pastimes the twilight
 beguile
 I watch your plump cheek till it dimples with joy:
 And observe, that whatever occasions the smile,
 You give me a glance; but provokingly coy.

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

Last month, when wild strawberries, pluckt in the
grove,

Like beads on the tall seeded grass you had strung,
You gave me the choicest; I hop'd 'twas for love;
And I told you my hopes while the nightingale
sung.

Remember the viper:—'twas close at your feet,
And you started, and threw yourself into my arms;
Not a strawberry there was so ripe nor so sweet
As the 'tips which I kiss'd, to subdue your alarms.

As I pull'd down the clusters of nuts for my fair,
What a blow I receiv'd from a strong-bending
bough,
Though Lucy and other gay lasses were there,
Not one of them show'd such compassion as you.

And was it compassion?—by heaven 'twas more!
A tell-tale betrays you:—that blush on thy cheek.
Then come, dearest maid, all your trifling give o'er,
And whisper what candour will teach you to speak.

Can you stain my fair honour with one broken vow?
Can you say that I've ever occasioned a pain?
On truth's honest base let your tenderness grow;
I swear to be faithful, again and again.

WILLIAM ROBERT SPENCER.

Born 1770, died 1834.

TO A LADY.

Too late I stayed, forgive the crime,
 Unheeded flew the hours;
 How noiseless falls the foot of Time
 That only treads on flowers.

What eye with clear account remarks
 The ebbing of the glass,
 When all the sands are diamond sparks,
 That dazzle as they pass?

Ah! who to sober measurement
 Time's happy swiftness brings,
 When birds of Paradise have lent
 Their plumage to his wings?

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Born 1771, died 1832.

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- In peace, love tunes the shepherd's reed;
 In war, he mounts the warrior's steed;
 In halls, in gay attire is seen;
 In hamlets, dances on the green;
 Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
 And men below, and saints above,
 For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

SONG.

(From "Marmion")

Where shall the lover rest,
 Whom the fates sever
 From his true maiden's breast,
 Parted for ever?
 Where, through groves deep and high,
 Sounds the far billow,
 Where early violets die,
 Under the willow.

CHORUS.

Soft shall be his pillow

There, through the summer day,
 Cool streams are laving;
 There, while the tempests sway,
 Scarce are boughs waving;
 There, thy rest shalt thou take,
 Parted for ever,
 Never again to wake,
 Never, O never!

CHORUS

Never, O never!

Where shall the traitor rest,
 He, the deceiver,
 Who could win maiden's breast,
 Ruin and leave her?—

In the lost battle,
 ' Borne down by the dying,
 Where mingles war's rattle
 With groans of the dying.

chorus.

There shall he be lying.

Her wing shall the eagle flap
 Over the false-hearted,
 His warm blood the wolf shall lap,
 Ere life be parted.
 Shame and dishonour sit
 By his grave ever ;
 Blessing shall hallow it,—
 Never—O never !

chorus.

Never, O never.

M A R Y T I G H E.

Born 1773, died 1810.

FROM "PSYCHE."

When pleasure sparkles in the cup of youth,
 And the gay hours on downy wing advance,
 Oh ! then 'tis sweet to hear the lip of truth
 Breathe the soft vows of love, sweet to entrance

The raptured soul by intermingling glance
 Of mutual bliss ; sweet amid roseate bowers,
 Led by the hand of love, to weave the dance,
 Or unmolested crop life's fairy flowers,
 Or bask in joy's bright sun through calm, unclouded
 hours.

Yet they, who light of heart in May-day pride,
 Meet love with smiles and gaily amorous song.
 (Though he their softest pleasures may provide,
 Ever then when pleasures in full concert throng)
 They cannot know with what enchantment strong
 He steals upon the tender suffering soul,
 What gently soothing chains to him belong,
 How melting sorrow owns his soft control,
 Subsiding passions hushed in milder waves to roll.

When vexed by cares, and harassed by distress,
 The storms of fortune chill thy soul with dread,
 Let love, consoling love ! still sweetly bless,
 And his assuasive balm benignly shed ;
 His downy plumage o'er thy pillow spread,
 Shall lull thy weeping sorrows to repose ;
 To love the tender heart hath ever fled,
 As on its mother's breast the infant throws
 Its sobbing face, and there in sleep forgets its woes.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

Born 1773, died 1834.

THE KISS.

One kiss, dear maid! I said, and sigh'd I
 Your scorn the little boon denied;
 Ah, why refuse the blameless bliss?
 Can danger lurk within a kiss?

You viewless wanderer of the vale,
 The spirit of the western gale,
 At morning's break, at evening's close,
 Inhales the sweetness of the rose;
 And hovers o'er th' uninjur'd bloom,
 Sighing back the soft perfume.
 Her nectar-breathing kisses fling
 Vigour to the Zephyr's wing;
 And He the glitter of the dew
 Scatters on the rose's hue;
 Bashful, lo! she bends her head,
 And darts a blush of deeper red,

Too well those lovely lips disclose
 The triumphs of the opening rose;
 O fair! O graceful! bid them prove
 As passive to the breath of Love!
 In tender accents, faint and low,
 Well pleased I hear the whispered "No!"
 The whispered "No!"—how little meant!
 Sweet falsehood that endears consent!

For on those lovely lips the while
 Dawns the soft relenting smile,
 And tempts, with feign'd dissuasion coy,
 The gentle violence of the joy.

THE ROSE.

As late each flower that sweetest blows
 I pluck'd, the garden's pride !
 Within the petals of a rose
 A sleeping Love I spied.

Around his brows a beamy wreath
 Of many a lucent hue ;
 All purple glow'd his cheek, beneath,
 Inebriate with dew.

I softly seiz'd the unguarded Power,
 Nor scared his balmy rest ;
 And placed him, caged within the flower
 On spotless Sara's breast.

But when, unwitting of the guile,
 Awoke the prisoner sweet,
 He struggled to escape awhile,
 And stamp'd his fairy feet.

Ah ! soon the soul-entrancing sight
 Subdued the impatient boy ,
 He gazed, he thrill'd with deep delight,
 Then clapp'd his wings for joy.

And, "O!" he cried, of magic kind,
What charms this throne endear!
Some other Love let Venus find—
I'll fix my empire here."

L O V E.

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.

Of in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midw^{inter}, on the mount I lay,
Beside the ruined tower.

The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene,
Had blended with the lights of eve;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve!

She leant against the armed man,
The statue of the armed knight;
She stood and listen'd to my lay,
Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope, my joy, my Genevieve!
She loves me best whene'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story—
An old rude song, that suited well
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listen'd with a fitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace
For well she knew, I could not chuse
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand ;
And that for ten long years he wooed
The Lady of the Land.

I told her how he pined : and ah !
The deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love,
Interpreted my own.

She listened with a fitting blush,
With downcast eyes, and modest grace ;
And she forgave me that I gazed
Too fondly on her face !

But when I told the cruel scorn
That crazed that bold and lovely knight,
And that he cross'd the mountain woods,
Nor rested day nor knight ;

That sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,

And sometimes starting up at once
In green and sunny glade,

There came and looked him in the face
An angel beautiful and bright;—
And that he knew it was a fiend,
This miserable knight!

And that, unknowing what he did,
He leaped amid a murderous band,
And saved from outrage worse than death
The Lady of the Land!

And how she wept and clasp'd his knees
And how she tended him in vain—
And ever strove to expiate
The scorn that crazed his brain.

And that she nursed him in a cave;
And how his madness went away,
When on the yellow forest-leaves
A dying man he lay.

His dying words—But when I reach'd
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My faltering voice and pausing harp
Disturb'd her soul with pity.

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrill'd my guileless Genevieve,
The music and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
 An undistinguishable throng,
 And gentle wishes long subdued,
 Subdued and cherish'd long !

She wept with pity and delight,
 She blush'd with love, and virgin-shame ;
 And, like the murmur of a dream,
 I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved—she stepp'd aside,
 As conscious of my look she stepp'd—
 Then suddenly, with timorous eye,
 She fled to me and wept.

She half enclosed me with her arms,
 She press'd me with a sweet embrace ;
 And, bending back her head, look'd up,
 And gaz'd upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,
 And partly 'twas a bashful art,
 That I might rather feel, than see,
 The swelling of her heart.

I calm'd her fears, and she was calm,
 And told her love with virgin pride ;
 And so I won my Genevieve,
 My bright and beauteous bride.

THOMAS DERMODY.

Born 1774, died 1802.

Sweet is the woodbine's fragrant twine ;
Sweet the ripe burthen of the vine ;
The pea-bloom sweet, that scents the air
The rose-bud sweet, beyond compare ;
The perfume sweet of yonder grove ;
Sweeter the lip of her I love !

Soft the rich meadow's velvet green,
Where cowslip-tufts are early seen ;
Soft the young cygnet's snowy breast,
Or down that lines the linnets' nest ;
Soft the smooth plumage of the dove ;
Soffer the breast of her I love !

Bright is the star that opes the day ;
Bright the mid-noon's refulgent ray ,
Bright on yon hill the sunny beam ;
Bright the blue mirror of the stream ;
Bright the gay-twinkling fires above ;
Brighter the eyes of her I love !

To match one grace, with idle pain,
Through nature's stores I search in vain,
All that is bright, and soft, and sweet,
Does in her form, concentrer, meet ;
Then, muse ! how weak thy pow'r must prove
To pain the charms of her I love.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Born 1774, died 1843.

SONNET.

Go, Valentine, and tell that lovely maid
 Whom fancy still will portray to my sight,
 How here I linger in this sullen shade,
 This dreary gloom of dull monastic night.
 Say, that, from ev'ry joy of life remote,
 At ev'ning's closing hour I quit the throng,
 Listening in solitude the ring-dove's note
 Who pours like me, her solitary song.
 Say, that her absence calls the sorrowing sigh,
 Say, that of all her charms I love to speak,
 In fancy feel the magic of her eye,
 In fancy view the smile illumine her cheek,
 Court the lone hour when silence stills the grove,
 And heave the sigh of Memory and Love.

—
 for

Marriage is with us
 The holiest ordinance of God, whereon
 The bliss or bane of human life depends.
 Love must be won by love, and heart by heart
 Link'd in mysterious sympathy, before
 We pledge the marriage vow; and some there are
 Who hold, that ere we enter into life,
 Soul has with soul been mated, each for each
 Especially ordained.

SONNET.

I praise thee not, Ariste, that mine eye
 Knows each emotion of the soul to speak ;
 That lilies with thy face might fear to vie,
 And roses can but emulate thy cheek ;
 I praise thee not because thine auburn hair
 In native tresses wantons on the wind ;
 Nor yet because that face, surpassing fair,
 Bespeaks the inward excellence of mind :—
 'Tis that soft charm thy minstrel's heart has won,
 That mild meek goodness that perfects the rest ;
 Soothing and soft it steals upon the breast,
 As the soft radiance of the setting sun,
 When varying through the purple hues of light
 The fading orbit smiles serenely bright

CHARLES LAMB.

Born 1775, died 1834.

SONNET.

Methinks how dainty sweet it were, reclined
 Beneath the vast outstretching branches high
 Of some old wood, in careless sort to lie,
 Nor of the busier scenes we left behind
 Aught envying. And, O Anna! mild-eyed maid!
 Beloved! Were well content to play

With thy free tresses all a summer's day,
 Losing the time beneath the greenwood shade
 Or we might sit and tell some tender tale
 Of faithful vows repaid by cruel scorn,
 A tale of true love, or of friend forgot;
 And I would teach thee, lady, how to rail
 In gentle sort, on those who practise not
 Or love or pity, though of woman born.

P. L. COURTIER.

Born 1776, died —.

How sweet to me the fragrant mead,
 And waving trees, and blossom'd thorn!
 But sweeter far to me, indeed,
 If she the favour'd scene adorn.

Ah! what avails it that I rove
 A blooming paradise to find,
 When thou, the Eve of this fair grove,
 Beloved maid! art left behind?

Still at each hilly rise I turn,
 And fondly strive thy home to see;
 And sigh, if haply I discern?
 That little spot— so dear to me!

O! for that kiss, so sweetly given!
 And soul impassion'd tear!
 To me, where'er by rude fate driven,
 Thy memory shall be dear!

Let others boast what love bestows,
 And shame the generous fair,
 This heart, where love's true impulse glows
 Shall hold its favours there

R. A. DAVENPORT.

born 1777, died —

— 10 —

If from that hour the gl'v' morn's bright eyes
 On earth first ope, till dull night's spectred-noon—
 When with slow solemn march the vernal moon,
 And marshall'd band of stars, descend the skies,
 Musing to stray, and with repeated sighs,
 That speak a heart with saddest woe in tune,
 To crave of pitying Heaven done this boon—
 That with fresh bliss for thee each morn may rise!
 If those thou lov'st to hold than life more dear—
 To plant their image in my heart next thine,
 If when thy mind thy angel-voice I hear
 On the soft sounds to dwell—O maid divine!
 Might claim one tender sigh, one pitying tear;
 The pitying tear, the tender sigh were mine.

PETER BAYLEY,

Born —, died 1823.

ON A LOCK OF HAIR.

Thou precious ringlet ! all that now is mine
 Of one so dearly lov'd ! that oft has bless'd
 With soft and soothing thoughts my anxious breast !
 Once more I open with trembling hands the shrine
 In which fond care hath guarded thee. Still shine
 Thy dark brown tints. Time has not dispossess'd
 The soft hairs of their gloss.—Oh, oft caress'd !
 Oh, dear memorial of that form divine !
 Thou, 'midst the pangs of absence, can'st impart
 Soft-whispering hopes, lull with a flattering dream
 The wild emotions of my throbbing heart,
 And calm away each passion's rude extreme ;
 And, led by thee, my wrapt thoughts fondly stray
 With her from whom I wander far away.

CHARLOTTE Dacre.

Born —, died —.

Truant ! you love me not—the reason this,
 You told me that you lov'd a maid before,
 And though perchance you many more may kiss,
 True love, once felt, can never be felt more !

Then ask not *me* to credit what you swore;
Nor e'er believe that *I* can give you bliss;

Go! go to her who taught you how to love;
Repeat to her your vows, and not to me!

Forsooth, I think, who can inconstant prove
To his first love—will ever faithless be.

In gaining wayward hearts no pride I see;
Nor have I pride, in kndling in the breast

That meteor-flame call'd passion; no, not I.
The heart I aim at; and of that possess,

Make it my castle, and all arts defy!

For *that* once fill'd, no longer roves the eye,
Say, is't not *passion* that for me you feel?—

Might I but know, 't would my mind relieve.
Search then your bosom, and the truth reveal:

Say, or you lov'd beside, and me deceive;

Or never lov'd till now, and I'll believe!

J A M E S H O G G .

Born 1762, died 1835.

AN ARABIAN SONG.

Meet me at even, my own true love,
Meet me at even, my honey, my dove,

Where the moonbeam revealing

The cool fountain stealing,

Away and away

Through the flow'rets so gay,

Singing its silver roundelay.

Love is the fountain of life and bliss,
 Love is the valley of joyfulness ;
 A garden of roses,
 Where rapture reposes,—
 A temple of light
 All heavenly bright ;
 O virtuous love is the soul's delight !

TO MARY.

O Mary, dear Mary ! let gratitude move
 Your soul for the peace of the man that you love !
 That your life may pass on like an autumn day,
 That rises with red and portentous ray ;
 But long ere the arch of the day is won
 A halo of promise is round the sun !
 And the settled sky though all serene,
 Is rayed with the dark and the bright between ;
 With the ruddy glow and the streamer wan,
 Like the evil and good in the life of man ;
 And at last, when it sinks in the cradle of day,
 More holy and mild is its sapphire ray !

E D W A R D C O X E .

Born — , died — .

Let us, my Delia, while we live
 Crown'd with each bliss that love can give,

The rumours of the grave despise.
For life, alas ! too swiftly flies ;
And all its cares can only tend
To make us sooner reach its end.

Dear to each other, let's be gay,
And sport the frolic hours away ;
Old age at last will fade thy charms,
Which now inspire to love's alarms ;
And from thy cheek the roses fright
That now attract my ravish'd sight.

I too, though now in youthful prime,
Must feel th' effects of envious time ;
Grey hairs and wrinkles then will meet,
My trembling pulse will fainter beat,
In broken sounds my voice will die,
And dimness close my languid eye.
Ah, then ! adieu the social walk,
The soft embrace, the tender talk ;
My tuneful pipe will then be mute,
Nor sport, nor dance, nor song can suit,
When love's bright warmth and genial fire,
Repress'd by frozen age, expire.

Then let us seize the present hour,
While beauty reigns in all its pow'r ;
And I, still warm, in ardent youth,
Breathe in this kiss my plighted truth ;
Let us the precious time improve
In all the various sweets of love.

Then as my arms I fondly twine
 Around that heavenly neck of thine,
 I'll clasp thee to my faithful breast,
 With Hymen's chaste endearments blest;
 Bid every other wish adieu;
 And only live for love and you!

SONNET ON THE SPRING.

How have I lov'd to woo thee gentle Spring!
 At early dawn to mark each opening flower,
 Thy beauteous offspring! deck my smiling bower;
 And hear thy birds their earliest love-notes sing.

Thou art return'd; but with thee soothing rest
 That sunshine of the soul, returns no more!
 My halcyon days of calm content are o'er,
 And wound me with the thought, I once was blest.
 Thou art the same—earth's lap as soft as green;
 Fragrance, and strains as sweet, my bow'r supplies
 But I am chang'd amid th' unalter'd scene,
 And view Heaven's fairest gifts with streaming eyes:

The charm, that once to love and rapture led,
 With Delia flourish'd and with Delia fled.

H E N R Y K I R K E W H I T E

Born 1785, died 1806

T H E D I F F I D E N C E O F L O V E

Why should I blush to own I love ?
 'Tis Love that rules the realms above
 Why should I blush to say to all
 That Virtue holds my heart in thrall ?

Why should I seek the thickest shade,
 Lest Love's deep secret be betray'd ?
 Why the stern brow deceitful move,
 When I am flush'd with love ?

Is it weakness thus to dwell
 On passion that I dare not tell ?
 Such weakness I would ever prove.
 'Tis painful but 't is sweet to love !

G E O R G E G O R D O N B Y R O N

L O R D B Y R O N

Born 1788, died 1824.

T H E S I L E N C E O F L O V E.

This hand, which bound thy yellow hair,
 Is mine, sweet girl ! thy pledge of love
 It claims my warmest, dearest care,
 Like reliques left of saints above.

GEORGE GORDON BYRON

Oh! I will wear it near my heart;
 'Twill bind my heart in bonds to thee;
From me again 'twill ne'er depart,
 But mingle in the grave with me

The dew I gather from thy lip
 Is not so dear to me as this,
That I but for a moment sip,
 And banquet on a transient bliss:

This will recall each youthful scene,
 E'en when our lives are at the wane,
The leaves of love will still be green,
 When memory bids them bud again,

Oh! little lock of golden hue,
 In gentle-waving ringlet curl'd,
By the dear head on which you grew,
 I would not lose you for the world!

Not though a thousand more adorn
 The polish'd brow where once you shone,
Like rays which gild a cloudless morn,
 Beneath Columbia's torrid zone.

REV CHARLES WOLFE.

Born 1791, died 1823.

SONG

Go, forget me—why should sorrow
 O'er that brow a shadow fling,
 Go, forget me—and to morrow
 Brightly smile and sweetly sing
 Smile—though I shall not be near thee;
 Sing—though I shall never near thee
 May thy soul with pleasure shine,
 Lasting as the gloom of mine

Like the sun thy presence glowing,
 Clothes the meanest things in light,
 And when thou, like him, art going,
 Loveliest objects fade in night
 All things looked so bright about thee,
 That they nothing seem without thee;
 By that pure and lucid mind
 Earthly things were too refined.

Go, thou vision, wildly gleaming,
 Softly on my soul that fell,
 Go, for me no longer beaming—
 Hope and Beauty! fare ye well!
 Go, and all that once delighted
 Take, and leave me all benighted—
 Glory's burning generous swell,
 Iancy, and the Poet's shall.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

Born 1792, died 1822.

LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.

The fountains mingle with the river,
 And the rivers with the ocean ;
 The winds of heaven mix for ever
 With a sweet emotion ;
 Nothing in the world is single ;
 All things by a law divine
 In one another's being mingle—
 Why not I with thine !

See the mountains kiss high heaven,
 And the waves clasp one another,
 No sister flower would be forgiven,
 If it disdain'd its brother ;
 And the sunlight clasps the earth,
 And the moonbeams kiss the sea,
 What are all these kissings worth,
 If thou kiss not me !

TO THE QUEEN OF MY HEART.

Shall we roam, my love,
 To the twilight grove,
 When the moon is rising bright ;
 Oh, I'll whisper here,
 In the cool night-air,
 What I dare not in broad daylight !

I'll tell thee a part
Of the thoughts that start
• To being when thou art night ;
And the beauty, more bright •
Than the stars' soft light,
Shall seem as a weft from the sky.

When the pale moonbeam
On tower and stream
Sheds a flood of silver sheen,
How I love to gaze
As the cold ray strays
On thy face my heart's throned queen !

Wilt thou roam with me
To the restless sea,
And linger upon the steep,
And list to the flow
Of the waves below
How they toss, and roar, and leap !

Those boiling waves
And the storm that raves
At night o'er their foaming crest,
Resemble the strife
That, from earliest life,

• The passions have waged in my breast.

Oh, come then and rove
To the sea or the grove
When the moon is rising bright,
And I'll whisper there
In the cool night-air
What I dare not in broad day-light,

JEREMIAH HOLME WIFFEN.

Born 1792, died 1836.

THE SONG OF THE BIRD IN ARMIDO'S GARDEN.

"Ah see," she sung, "the bashful, blushing Rose
 Spreads through the green leaves its bosom to light ;
 Half bud, half blossom yet, through dew it glows,
 And charms the more, the more it shuns the sight.
 Ah, see how boldly soon it courts the bright
 And burning sun, how soon it droops and fades,
 Nor seems the same rich blossom of delight
 Desired so much in songs and serenades
 By thousand amorous youths, and thousand blooming
 maids."

"So passes in the transit of a day
 Of mortal life, the verdure and the bloom,
 For will the sunshine of a second May
 The leaf re-open, or the flower resume :
 Gather the Rose, then, in its rath perfume
 And morning beauty, ere the skies above
 O'ercast the landscape with funereal gloom,
 Whilst, loved and loving, none the bliss reprove,
 Now, whilst it yet be youth, pluck, pluck the Rose of
 love !"

THE JESSAMINE.

FROM THE SPANISH OF GONGORA.

From my summer alcove, which the stars this morn
 With lucid pearls o'erspread,
 I have gathered these jessamines, thus to adorn
 With a wreath, thy graceful head.

Their blossoms a host of bees, alarmed,
 Watched over on jealous wing;
 House trumpeters seemed they all, and armed
 Each bee with a diamond sting:
 I tore them away, but each flower I tore
 Hath cost me a wound, which smarteth sore.
 Now as I these jessamine flowers entwine,
 A gift for thy vagrant hair,
 I must have from those honey-sweet lips of thine,
 A kiss for each sting I bear:
 'Tis just that the blossom I bring thee home
 Be repaid by sweets from the golden comb.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY

Born 1797, died 1839.

UPON THY TRUTH RELYING.

They say we are too young to love,—
 Too wild to be united;
 In scorn they bid us both renounce
 The fond vows we have plighted.

They send thee forth to see the world,
 Thy love by absence trying.
 Then go; for I can smile farewell,—
 Upon thy truth relying

I know that pleasure's hand will throw
 Her silken nets about thee;
 I know how lonesome I shall find
 The long, long days without thee
 But in thy letters there'll be joy,
 * The reader the replying.
 I'll kiss each word that's traced by thee.—
 Upon thy truth relying

When friends applaud thee, I'll sit by,
 In silent rapture gazing;
 And, oh! how proud of being loved,
 By her they have been praising!
 But should detraction breathe thy name,
 The world's reproof defying;
 I'll love thee—laud thee—trust thee still,—
 Upon thy truth relying

E'en those who smile to see us part,
 Shall see us meet with wonder;
 Such trials only make the heart
 That truly loves grow fonder.
 Our sorrows past shall be our pride,
 When with each other vying,
 Thou wilt confide in him, who lives
 Upon thy truth relying.

H E N R Y N E E L E.

Born 1798, died 1828.

LOVE.

Love in the soul, not bold and confident,
 But like Aurora, trembles into being;
 And with faint flickering, and uncertain beams,
 Gives notice to the awakening world within us
 Of the full blazing orb, that soon shall rise
 And kindle all its passions. Then begin
 Sorrow and Joy, — unutterable joy,
 And rapturous sorrow. Then, the world is nothing,
 Pleasure is nothing; suffering is nothing,
 Ambition, riches, praise, power, all are nothing,
 Love rules and reigns despotic and alone.
 Then, oh! the shape of magic loveliness
 He conjures up before us. In her form
 Is perfect symmetry. Her swan-like gait,
 As she glides by us, like a lovely dream,
 Seems not of earth. From her bright eye, the soul
 Looks out, and, like the topmost gem o' the heap,
 Shows the mine's wealth within. Upon her face,
 As on a lovely landscape, shade and sunlight
 Play, as strong feeling sways: now her eye flashes
 A beam of rapture; now lets drop a tear;
 And now upon her brow, as when the rainbow
 Rears its fair arch in heaven, Peace sits and gilds
 The drops as they fall. The soul of mind
 Dwells in her voice, and her soft spiritual tones

Sink in the heart, soothing its cares away;
 As Halcyon's brood upon the troubled wave
 And charm it into calmness. When she weeps,
 Her tears are like the waters upon which
 Love's mother rose to heaven. E'en her sighs,
 Although they speak the troubles of her soul,
 Breathe of its sweetness as the wind that shakes
 The cedar boughs becomes impregnated
 With its celestial odours.

S O R R O W

Mourn not, sweet maid, nor fondly try
 To rob me of my sorrow;
 It is the only friend that I
 Have left in my captivity,
 To bid my heart good-morrow.

I would not chase him from my heart,
 For he is Love's own brother;
 And each has learned his brother's part
 So aptly, that 'tis no mean art
 To know one from the other.

Thus, Love will fold his arms and moan,
 And sigh, and weep, like Sorrow;
 And Sorrow has caught Love's soft tone,
 And mixed his arrows with his own,
 And learned his gentle voice.

Only one mark of difference they
 Reserve, which leaves them never;
 Young Love has wings, and flies away,
 While Sorrow, once received, will stay
 The soul's and guest for ever!

GEORGE DYER.

ODE TO A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.

Why, when I view those cherry lips,
 That breast of sweets, those eyes of fire,
 While Fancy from thy mouth rich nectar sips,
 And round thy neck entwines each young desire?

Why should I ask if twenty years,
 Or twenty more, matur'd those charms?
 Thy breath, more soft than spring, thy lover cheers,
 And more than summer lingers in thy arms.

The Muse for thee is proud to sing,
 The Graces lead the dance for thee,
 The Nymphs to thee their sweetest flow'rets bring;
 Oh! then it surely cannot winter be,

What though the bloom of life were fled,
 The heats of love all pass'd away?
 Yet wisdom could on age new lustre shed,
 As a sweet glory gilds the parting day.

REV CORNELIUS NEALE

TRUE LOVE.

There is a Love - it lasts awhile,
 A one day's flower—no more,
 Opens in the sunshine of a smile,
 And shuts when storms come o'er

There is a Love—it ever lasts,
 A shrub that's always green
 It blossoms in the stormy blasts,
 And decks the wintry scene !

A shape, an eye, a well-turned foot
 May give the first its birth,
 His flow'ret has but little root,
 And asks but little earth.

No scanty soil true love must find
 Its vigour to contain,
 It roots itself up in the mind
 And strikes into the soul

ALARICA WATTS

MEET ME AT SUNSET

Meet me at sunset, the hour we love best,
 Ere day's last crimson blushes have died in the west,
 When the shadowless ether is blue in thine eye,
 And the breeze is as balmy and soft as thy sigh.

When giant-like forms lengthen fast o'er the ground,
 From the motionless mill and the linden trees round
 When the stillness below, the mild radiance above,
 Softly sink on the heart and attune it to love.

Meet me at sunset—oh! meet me once more,
 Neth the wide spreading thorn where you met me o
 yore,
 When our hearts were as calm as the broad summer
 set
 That lay gleaming before us, bright, boundless and
 free,
 And with hand clasp'd in hand, we sat trance-bound
 and deem'd
 That life would be ever the thing it then seem'd
 The tree we then plant'd green record' lives on,
 But the hopes that grew with it are faded and gone.

Meet me at sunset, beloved, as of old,—
 When the boughs of the chestnut are waving in gold;
 When the pure sunny climatis bends with its bloom,
 And the jasmine exhales a more witching perfume.
 That sweet hour shall atone for the anguish of years,
 And though fortune still frown, bid us smile through
 our tears,
 Through the storms of the future shall soothe and
 sustain
 Then meet me at sunset—oh! meet me again!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

~~She~~ DWELT AMONG THE UNTRODDEN WAYS.

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid, whom ~~there was~~ none to praise
And very few to love;

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown,—and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be
But she is in her grave, and, oh! ,
The difference to me!

TO MARY

She was a Phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament,
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair,
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn;
Even ~~the~~ May time and the cheerful dawn;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and way-lay

I saw her upon nearer view,
 A spirit, yet a woman too;
 Her household motions light and free,
 And steps of virgin liberty;
 A countenance in which did meet
 Sweet records, promises as sweet;
 A creature not too bright or good
 For human nature's daily food;
 For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
 Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
 The very pulse of the machine;
 A being breathing thoughtful breath,
 A traveller betwixt life and death,
 The reason firm, the temperance will,
 Endurance, foresight, strength and skill;
 A perfect woman—nobly planned,
 To warn, to comfort, and to command;
 And yet a spirit, still and bright
 With something of an angel light.

L O R D S T R A N G F O R D .

A YEAR AGO,

A year ago, a year ago,
 I thought my heart so cold and still
 That Love it never more could know:
 That withering time, and sorrow's chill,

Had ~~from~~ all its earlier glow ;
 A year ago, a year ago,
 I said I " ne'er shall love again "—
 But I had not seen Thee then !

A year ago, a year ago,
 My soul was wrapt in grief and gloom,
 And sighs would swell, and tears would flow,
 As, bending o'er the lost one's tomb,
 I thought of her who slept below !
 A year ago, a year ago,
 ' I felt I ne'er could love again—
 But I had not known Thee then !

A year ago, a year ago,
 All vain were Beauty's witching wiles,
 And eye of light, and breast of snow,
 And raven tress, and dip of smiles,
 They could not chase a rook'd woe !
 A year ago, a year ago,
 I never wished to love again—
 But I had not kiss'd Thee then !

B A R R Y C O R N W A L L .

WOMAN.

Gone from her cheek is the summer bloom,
 And her lip has lost all its faint perfume,
 And the gloss has dropp'd from her golden hair,
 And her cheek is pale— but no longer fair .

And the spirit that sat on her soft blue eye,
Is struck with cold mortality;
And the smile that played round her lip has fled,
And every charm has now left the dead.

Like slaves they obey'd her in height of power,
But left her all in her wintry hour;
And the crowds that swore for her love to die,
Shrunk from the tone of her last faint sigh—
And this is man's fidelity!

'Tis woman alone, with a purer heart,
Can see all these idols of life depart;
And love the more, and smile and bless
Man in his uttermost wretchedness.

A LOVE SONG.

Laugh not, nor weep, but let thine eyes
Grow soft and dim (so love should be),
And be thy breathing tender, quick,
And tremulous, whilst I gaze on thee.

And let thy words be few or none,
But murmurs such as soothe the air
In summer, when the day is done,
Be heard, sweet heart, when I am there.

And I—oh! I in those soft times,
When all around is still and sweet,
Will love thee more a thousand times
Than if the world were at thy feet.

A L F R E D T E N N Y S O N.

T H E S L E E P I N G B E A U T Y.

Year after year unto her feet,
 The while she slumbereth alone,
 Over the purple coverlet
 The maiden's jet black hair hath grown,
 On either side her tranced form,
 Forth streaming from a braid of pearl;
 The slumberous light is rich and warm,
 And moves not on the rounded curl.

The silk star-braided coverlid
 Unto her limbs itself doth mould
 Languidly ever, and amid
 Her full black ringlets downward rolled.
 Glows forth each softly shadowed arm,
 With bracelets of the diamond bright;
 Her constant beauty doth inform
 Stillness with love and day with light.

She sleeps! her breathings are not heard
 In palace chambers far apart;
 The fragrant tresses are not stirr'd,
 That lie upon her charmed heart.
 She sleeps! on either side upswells,
 The gold-fringed pillow lightly prest;
 She sleeps—nor dreams, but ever dwells
 A perfect form in perfect rest.

PROFESSOR WILSON.

THE THREE SEASONS OF LOVE.

With laughter swimming in thine eye,
 That told youth's heartfelt revelry !
 And motion changeful as the wing,
 Of swallow waken'd by the spring ;
 With accents blithe as voice of May,
 Chaunting glad Nature's roundelay ;
 Circled by joy like planet bright
 That smiles 'mid wreaths of dewy light,—
 Thy image such in former time,
 When thou, just entering on the prime,
 And woman's sense in thee combined
 Gently with childhood's simplest mind,
 First taught'st my sighing soul to move
 With hope towards the heaven of love !

Now years have given my Mary's face
 A thoughtful and a quiet grace ;—
 Though happy still - yet chance distress
 Hath left a pensive loneliness !
 Fancy hath tamed her fairy gleams,
 And thy heart broods o'er home-born dreams !
 Thy smiles slow-knitting now and mild,
 Shower blessings on a darling child,
 Thy motion slow and soft thy tread,
 As if round thy hush'd infant's bed !

And when thou speak'st, thy melting tone,
That tells thy heart is all my own,
Sounds sweeter from the lapse of years
With the wife's love, the mother's fears?

Be thy glad youth, and tranquil prime
Assured, I smile at hoary time!
For thou art doom'd in age to know
The calm that wisdom steals from woe;
The holy pride of high intent,
The glory of a life well spent.
When earth's affections nearly o'er
With peace behind, and Faith before,
Thou render'st up again to God,
Untarnished by its frail abode,
Thy lustrous soul—then harp and hymn,
From hands of sister's set apart,
Asleep will lay thee, till thine eye
Open in immortality!

CAN I FORGET.

Can I forget the woody haes
Where love an' innocence foregather;
Where aft in early summer days
I've crooned a sang amang the heather?
Can I forget my father's hearth,—
My mother by the ingle spinnin',—
Their weel-pleas'd look to see the mirth
O' a' their hairnies round them runnin'!

It was a wae-fa' hour to me,
 When I frae them an' love departed;
 The ~~tear~~ was in my mother's e'e,—
 My father bless'd me—broken hearted;
 My aulder brithers took my hand—
 'The younkers a' ran fra me greetin';
 But waur than this—I couldna stand
 My faithfu' lassie's fareweel meetin'!

Can I forget a parting kiss,
 Her last fond look, an' true love token!
 Forget an hour so dear as this!
 'Forget! the word shall ne'er be spoken!
 Forget! na, though the foaming sea,
 High hills and mony a sweepin' river,
 May lie between their hearth an' me,
 My heart shall be at hame for ever."

MARGUERITE POWER.

LINES.

When first we met, that rosy lip
 A kindly welcome stail'd upon me;
 • But yet 'twas not that sunny smile,
 Though bright as op'ning day, that won me.
 When first we parted, on thy lid
 I saw a glistening tear-drop quiver;
 It formed within my heart a spring
 Of love shat flows to thee for ever.

T H O M A S H O O D .

RUTH.

She stood breast high amid the corn,
Clasp'd by the golden light of morn,
Like the sweetheart of the sun,
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush,
Deeply ripened ;—such a blush
In the midst of brown was born,
Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell,
Which were blackest none could tell ;
But long lashes veil'd a light,
That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,
Made her tressy forehead dim ;—
Thus she stood amid the stooks
Praising God with sweetest looks :—

Sure, I said, Heav'n did not mean,
Where I reap thou should'st but glean
Lay thy sheaf adown and come,
Share my harvest and my home.

THOMAS HOOD.

TO A COLD BEAUTY.

Lady, would'st thou heiress be
To winter's cold and cruel part?
When he sets the rivers free,
Thou dost still lock up thy heart;
Thou that should'st outlast the snow
But in the whiteness of thy brow!

Scorn and cold neglect are made
For winter gloom and winter wind;
But thou wilt wrong the summer air,
Breathing it to words unkind;
Breath which only should belong
To love, to sunlight, and to song!

When the little buds unclose,
Red, and white, and pied, and blue,
And that virgin flower, the rose,
Opes her heart to hold the dew,—
Wilt thou lock thy bosom up
With no jewel in its cup?

Let not cold December sit
Thus in love's peculiar throne;
Brooklets are not prison'd now,
But crystal frosts are all agone;
And that which hangs upon the spray,
It is no snow, but flow'rs of May!

CHARLES, MACKAY

SONG.

What is it ails thee, heart of mine ?
 That makes thee sorrow and repine,
 And in sweet Nature's face no more
 Takes the same pleasure as before ?

Why, when the flow'rets gem the ground,
 And birds make music all around,
 And each created thing is glad,
 Art thou so desolate and sad ?

Time was, when not a bird could spring,
 But thou wert pleas'd to hear it sing,
 When woods and wilds were fair to see,
 And sunshine beautiful to thee.

Sad heart of mine ! by love alone
 The darkness and the blight are thrown.
 'Tis falsehood causes thy annoy,
 Thou'st lost thy lover and thy joy.

Oh fate ! my happy times renew—
 All nature smiles when love is true :
 Would he be kind, I'd not be sad,
 And little things should make me glad.

Once more for me the birds should sing,
 And birds make music with the spring,
 And Nature's voice resound with glee,
 Were my false love but true to me.

H. G. 'A D A M S. •

A CANZONET.

Fold me, oh I fold me in thine arms, love,
 That I may there forget
 The world, and all its dire alarms, love,—
 Fear, sorrow, and regret;
 Vain hopes, and still more vain desires,
 That wither and consume,—
 Passions, like meteoric fires,
 Or lights within a tomb.

Press me, oh, press me to thy breast, love,
 And as I there recline,
 Soothe me with thy sweet voice, to rest, love,
 For rest, for rest I pine;
 For I am weary of this life—
 Weary and sick at heart,
 My waking hours with woes are rife—
Sleep bids them all depart.

MARY RUSSEL MITFORD.

LOVE'S CONFESSION.

I love

To visit my heart's treasure by that light
 When misers seek their buried hoards; to steal
 Upon the loved one, like a mermaid's song,
 Unseen and floating between sea and sky;

To creep upon her in love's loveliest hour,
 Not in her daylight beauty, with the glare
 Of the bright sun around her, but thus purp,
 And white and delicate, under the cool moon,
 Or lamp of alabaster. Thus I love
 . To think of thee, thou dear 'one' thus with flowers
 About thee, and fresh air, and such a light,
 And such a stillness, thus I dream of thee!

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

Thy life was all one oath of love to me!
 Sworn to me daily, hourly, by thine eyes,
 Which when they saw me, lighten'd up as though
 An angel's presence did enhance their sense,
 That I have seen their very colour change,
 Subluning into lines past earthliness
 Talk of the adjuration of the tongue—
 Compare Love's name—a sound which any life
 May pipe 'a breath'—with holy love itself!
 Thou'rt not forsworn, because thou took'st no oath?
 What were thy accents, then?—thy accents?—tell me
 Oh! they did turn thy lightest words to oaths,
 Vouching the burden of a love-fraught soul!
 Telling a tale which thy young nature caught
 With interest so deep, was conn'd by heart
 Before I knew the fatal argument

L O V E.

I cannot think love thrives by artifice,
 Or can disguise its mood, and show its face.
 I would not hide one portion of my heart
 Where I did give it and did feel 'twas right,
 Nor feign a wish, to mask a wish that was,
 Howe'er to keep it. For no cause except
 Myself would I be loved. What were't to me,
 My lover valued me the more, the more
 He saw me comely in another's eyes,
 When his alone the vision I would show
 Becoming to? I have sought the reason oft.
 They paint Love as a child, and still have thought,
 It was because true love, like infancy,
 Frank, trusting, unobservant of its mood,
 Doth show its wish at once, and means no more!

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

SIXTEEN.

In Clementina's artless mien

Lucilla asks me what I see,

And are the roses of sixteen

Enough for me?

Lucilla asks if that be all,

Have I not cull'd as sweet before

Ah, yes, Lucilla! and their fall

I still deplore.

I now behold another scene,
 Where pleasure beams with heaven's own light,
 More pure, more constant, more serene,
 And not less bright.

Faith, on whose breast the loves repose,
 Whose chain of flowers no force can sever !
 And Modesty, who when she goes,
 Is gone for ever.

LOUISA STUART COSTELLA.

SONG.

Yes ! thou art chang'd since first we met ;
 But 'tis not that thy cheek has faded,
 Nor years like mine of vain regret
 The luster of thine eyes have shaded.
 Around thee linger fondly still,
 Each charm that lured my soul of yore,
 Thy form's pure grace, thy tone's soft thrill ;—
 'Tis that we meet, and love no more !

Yes ! thou art changed ; what tongue had dared
 To tell me once what time has proved thee ?
 Have I in vain thy sorrow shared,
 In pain, in hopeless absence loved thee !
 Like shells that through the wave look bright,
 But old and dull are cast on shore,
 My heart has lost its fairy light,
 And now we meet—and love no more !

F. W. FABER, M.A.

SHE IS BRIGHT AND YOUNG.

She is bright and young, and her glory comes
 Of an ancient ancestry,
 And I love for her beauty's sake to gaze
 On the light of her full dark eye.

She is gentle and still, and her voice is as low
 As the voice of a summer wind,
 And fustiness and tickleness have not left
 One stain on her childish mind.

I felt the wild dream creep over like sleep,
 More strangely the day I stayed,
 And in four short weeks my heart was bound up
 In the heart of that highborn maid.

O the stir of love and its beating thrills!—
 I never had known its power,
 So I shut my eyes and went down the stream,
 And might have been there to this hour,
 But she sung light songs at a solemn time,
 And the spell was gone for ever,
 And who shall say 'twas a trivial thing
 That delicate chain to sever?

REV. THOMAS DALE.

TRUE LOVE AFFIDENT.

If long I lingered to avow
 The latent flame my bosom prov'd
 Yet, fairest, dearest, deem not thou
 I feebly felt or lightly loved;

I came not with the wealthier throng
 Who breathed their heartless vows to thee;
 Yet, maiden! I have loved thee long,
 And not the less, though hopelessly.

For, oh! I deem'd not it could be
 That thou shouldst deign to smile on me;
 For how should friendless misery gain
 The prize by monarchs sought in vain?
 How should the falcon meet that sun
 Which eagles dare not gaze upon?

THOMAS NOON TALFOURD.

Think upon the time
 In the clear depths of thy yet lucid soul
 How ruffled with the troublings of strange joy,
 As if some unseen visitant from heaven
 Touch'd the calm lake that wreath'd its images
 In sparkling waves;—recall the dallying hope

That on the margin of assurance trembled,
 As loth to lose, in certainty too blest,
 Its happy being;—taste in thought again
 Of the stolen sweetness of those evening walks,
 When pansied turf was air to winged feet.
 And circling forests by ethereal touch
 Enchanted, wore the lining of the sky,
 As if about to melt in golden light
 Shapes of one heavenly vision; and thy heart
 Enlarged by its new sympathy with one,
 Grew bountiful to all!

RICHARD MONKTON MILNES.

LOVE THOUGHTS.

O let not words, the callous shell of thought—
 Intrude between thy silent soul and mine;
 Try not the choicest ever poet wrought;
 They all are discord in our life divine.

Smile not thine unbelief; but hear and say
 All that thou wilt, and then upon my breast
 Thy gracious head in silent passion lay,
 One little hour; and tell me which is best.

Not let us live our love; in after hours
 Words shall fit handmaids to sweet memory be;
 But let them not disturb those holier bowers,
 The voiceless depths of perfect sympathy.

W. E. SURTEES, M A

THE DIMPY

In baiting hooks with tears and smiles
 Young love had spent the day;
 But while he other folks beguiles,
 Sleep steals the thief away

On softest couch he now could seek
 • His weary head to rest
 He sees the bloom of Beauty's cheek
 And there he makes his nest

There slept he on a finer bed
 Than did Olympus' race,
 Her dimpling cheek when he had fled
 • Confessed his lingering trace

O Love! in pity now, I pray,
 Your friendly aid impart
 Tear from her smile your trace away,
 Or leave it on her heart

SIR EDWARD LITTON BULWER

LOVE IN ABSENCE

In love there's no such word as absence!
 The loved one, like our guardian spirit, walks
 Beside us ever,—shines upon the beam—
 Perfumes the flower—and sighs in every breeze!

Its presence gave such beauty to the world
 That all things beautiful its likeness are;
 And aught in sound most sweet, to sight most fair,
 Breathes with its voice, of like its aspect smiles

DOCTEE.

Bright laughs the sun the Birds that are to Air
 Like Song to Lute — all gaily on the wing,
 In every mead the hundred Hours prepare
 The delicacies of Spring, —
 But, if she loves me not!

To me this fair season still hath been,
 In every wild-flower, an exhaustless treasure,
 And when the young eyed violet first was seen,
 Methought to breathe was pleasure,
 But, if she loves me not!

How, in thy twilight, DOUN, at each unknown
 Dim shape, the superstitious Love will start
 How Hope itself will tremble at its own
 Light shadow on the heart, —
 Ah, if she love me not!

Well, I will know the worst, and leave the wind
 To drift or drown the venture on the wave,
 Life has two friends in grief itself most kind —
 Remembrance and the Grave —
 Mine, if she love me not!

' A. J. D E V E R E

' LOVE AND SORROW.

Whenever under bowers of myrtle
 Love, summer-tress'd and vernal-eyed,
 At morn or eve is seen to wander,
 A dark-eyed gulf is at his side.

No eye beholds the Virgin gliding
 Unsand ill'd through the thicket's glooms;
 Yet some have mark'd her shadow moving
 Like twilight o'er the whiter blooms

A golden bow the Brother carries,
 A silver flute the Sister bears,
 And ever at the fatal moment
 The notes and arrows fly in pairs

She rests her flute upon her bosom,
 (While up to heaven his bow he rears,)
 And as her kisses make it tremble,
 Th'it flute is moistened by her tears.

The lovely twin were born together,
 And in the same shell cradle laid,
 And in the bosom of one Mother
 Together slept, and sleeping played

With hands into each other's woven,
 And whispering lips that seem'd to teach
 Each other in their rosy motion
 What still their favourites learn from each.

Proud of her Boy, the Mother showed him
 To mortal and immortal
 But hid (because she loved him dearer,)
 The deeper, sweeter love.

Accept them both, or neither,
 Oh loveliest Youth, and lovelorn,
 For Grief has come where Love is welcome,
 And love will comfort those who mourn.

RICHARD HOWITT

SONG.

Thou art lovelier than the coming
 Of the fairest flowers of spring,
 When the wild Bee wanders humming,
 Like a blessed fairy thing
 Thou art lovelier than the breaking
 Of the orient crimsoned morn,
 When the gentlest winds are shaking
 The dew-drops from the thorn.

I have seen the wild flowers springing
 In wood, and field, and glen,
 Where a thousand birds are singing,
 And my thoughts were of thee then;
 For there's nothing glad some round me,
 Nothing beautiful to see,
 Since thy beauty spell has bound me,
 But is eloquent of thee.

REV. J. M. OULTRIE

"FORGET THEE?"

"Forget thee?—If to dream by night, and muse on thee by day,

If all the worship, deep and wild, a poet's heart can pay,

If prayers in absence breathed for thee to Heaven's protecting power,

If winged thoughts that flit to thee—a thousand in an hour,

If but to think of thee with all my future lot,—

If thus I am forgetting," thou indeed shalt be

"~~Forgetting~~"—Bid the forest birds forget their tune,

"~~Forgetting~~"—Bid the sea forget to swell beneath the moon,

Bid the thirsty flowers forget to drink the eve's refreshing dew,

Thyself forget thine "own dear land," and its mountains wild and blue,

Forget each old familiar face, each long remember'd spot,—

When these things are forgot by thee, then thou shalt be forgot!

Keep, if thou wilt, thy maiden peace, still calm and fancy-free,

For God forbid! thy gladsome heart should grow less glad for me;

Yet while that heart is still unwon, oh! bid not mine to rove

But let it nurse its humble faith and uncomplaining
 love ; •
 If these preserved for patient years, at last avail me
 not,
 Forget me then, — but ne'er believe that thou can'st
 be forgot ! •

JOANNA BAILLIE

A LOVER'S WISH.

O ! were I conscious that within her breast,
 I held some portion of her dear regard,
 Though pent for life within a prison's walls,
 Where through my grate I yet might sometime
 E'en but her shadow sporting in the sun ;
 Though plac'd by fate where some obstructing bound,
 Some deep impassable between us roll'd,
 And I might yet, from some high towering cliff
 Perceive her distant mansion from afar,
 Or mark its blue smoke rising eve and morn ;
 • Nay, though within the circle of the moon
 Some spell did fix her, never to return,
 And I might wander in the hours of night,
 And upwards turn mine ever-gazing eye,
 Fondly to mark upon its varied disk
 Some little spot that might her dwelling be ;
 My fond, my fixed heart would still adore,
 And own no other love.

CHARLES SWAIN.

CANZONET.

The flower thou lov'st—the flower thou lov'st—

Oh! would I were that blessed flower;
 To be with thee where'er thou ro'v'st,
 Thine own young heart, my beauteous bower:
 To feel thy warm lips, soft and sweet,
 Breathe fondly o'er my crimson bloom:
 'Twere bliss to die if thus to meet
 So kind a death—so fair a tomb!

The flower thou lov'st—oh! 'twere indeed
 A fate of unalloyed delight;
 Thus on thy beauty's breath to feed,
 And gently fade in thy lov'd sight:
 For oh; when every leaf was gone,
 That once thine eyes with light could fill
 In *spirit* I would linger on,
 And float, in *fragrance*, round thee still.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

ON A LADY ASLEEP.

Sleep on, and dream of heaven awhile,
 Though shut so close thy laughing eyes,
 Thy rosy lips still wear a smile,
 And move and breathe delicious sighs!—

EDWARD MOXON.

Ah! now soft blushes tinge her cheeks,
And mantle o'er her neck of snow,
Ah! now she murmurs, now she speaks
What most I wish—and fear to know!

She starts, she trembles, and she weeps,
Her fair hands folded on her breast.
—And now, how like a saint she sleeps,
A seraph in the realms of rest.

Sleep on secure,—above controul,
Thy thoughts belong to heaven and thee,
And may the secrets of thy soul
Remain within its sanctuary.

• — •
E D W A R D · M O X O N .

• SONNET.
•

My Love she is a lowly but sweet flower
And I would wear her in my breast, for she
Is full of fragrance, and such modesty
That I ev'n sanctify that precious hour,
When first my eyes her worshippers became.
He, who hath mark'd the opening rose in spring,
Hath seen but portion small of her I sing.
For Fortune if I struggle, or for Fame,
'Tis that, unworthy, I may worthy be
Of her, the maiden with the dark black hair,
And darker eyes. My only wish to share
The sunless sums low sunk beneath the sea,
Is that with it I might my true love greet,
And lay the too small treasure at her feet.

(D. M. M O J R)

WHEN THOU AT EVENTIDE ART ROAMING,

When thou at eventide art roaming
 Along the elm-o'ershaded walk,
 Where, past, the eddying stream is foaming
 Beneath its tiny cataract—
 Where I with thee was wont to talk,—
 Think thou upon the days gone by,
 And heave a sigh !

When sails the moon above the mountains,
 And cloudless skies are purely blue,
 And sparkle in the light the fountains,
 And darker frowns the lonely yew—
 Then be thou melancholy too,
 When musing on the hours I proved
 With thee, beloved !

When wakes the dawn upon the dwelling,
 And lingering shadows disappear,
 And soft the woodland songs are swelling
 A choral anthem on thine ear,
 Think—for that hour to thought is dear !
 And then her flight remembrance wings
 To by-past things.

To me, through every season, dearest ;
 In every scene—by day—by night,
 Thou present to my mind appearest
 A quenchless star—for ever bright !
 My solitary, sole delight !
 Alone—in grove—by shore—at sea,
 I think of thee !

HENRY S. SISON.

TO ANNIE.

O bonnie is the summer wreath,
 And fair the summer bower,
 When freshness lingers on the leaf,
 And fragrance fills the flower;
 And sweetly glows the mellow grape
 Upon the sunny wall,
 But on thy lips one rosy smile
 Is brighter still than all—
 Annie! brighter still than all.

Soft, soft are strains of music breathed
 In mournfulness or glee;
 And blithe the spirit-stirring tones
 Of ancient melody;
 And joyous is the merry dance;
 And gay the stately ball;
 And passing sweet the voice of song:
 But sweeter thine of all—
 Annie! sweeter thine of all.

Full many a sunset eve I watch
 The lines of fading light;
 And wander forth to track the stars
 That gem each cloudless night;
 I gaze upon the silver moon,
 And mark the meteors fall,
 But feel that one fond glance of thine,
 Were worth their glories all—
 Annie! worth their glories all.

I love my Childhood's earliest home,
 And every schoolboy sport :
 And live again those happy hours
 Whose flight was heeded not ;
 And every friendly face I love
 Which memory can recall ;
 But thine dear partner of my heart
 Far, far the best of all—
 Annie ! far the best of all.

THOMAS MILLER.

SONG.

My Mary plucked a full-blown rose,
 And placed it on her peerless breast ;
 The sweet flower bowed its crimson head,
 And fondly pressed its snowy nest ;
 The emerald leaves were gently stirred,
 Just as her rising bosom shook,
 Like the white plumage of a dove,
 That coos beside some breezy brook

Oh ! had I been that fragrant rose,
 Which on her gentle bosom blushed,
 Or revelling 'mid those heaving sighs,
 Whose breathing music none hath hushed,—
 Lived in the beating of her heart,
 Or caught her eye in tranquil rest ;
 Or slept where lay that happy rose,—
 Then had I been for ever blest.

T H O M A S C A M P B E L L.

A B S E N C E.

'Tis not the loss of love's assurance,
 It is not doubting what thou art,
 But 'tis the too, too long endurance
 Of absence, that afflicts my heart.

The fondest thoughts two hearts can cherish,
 When each is lonely doom'd to weep,
 ' Are fruits on desert isles that perish,
 Or riches buried in the deep.

What though, untouched by jealous madness,
 Our bosom's peace may fall to wreck;
 Th' undoubting heart, that breaks with sadness,
 Is but more slowly doom'd to break.

Absence!—Is not the soul torn by it
 From more than light, or life, or breath?
 'Tis Lethe's gloom, but not its quiet,—
 The pain without the peace of death.

S O N G.

Drink ye to her that each loves best,
 And if you nurse a flame
 That's told but to her mutual breast,
 We will not ask her name.

Enough, while memory tranced and glad
 Paints silently the fair,
 That each should dream of joys he's had,
 Or yet may hope to share.

Yet far, far hence be jest or boast
 From hallowed thoughts so dear;
 But drink to them that we love most,
 As they would love to hear.

CAROLINE.

I'll bid the hyacinth to blow,
 I'll teach my grotto green to be;
 And sing my true love, all below
 The holly bower and myrtle-tree.

There all his wild-wood sweets to bring,
 The sweet south wind shall wander by,
 And with the music of his wing
 Delight my rustling canopy.

Come to my close and clustering bower,
 Thou spirit of a milder clime,
 Fresh with the dews of fruit and flower
 Of mountain heath, and moory thyme.

With all thy rural echoes come,
 Sweet comrade of the rosy day,
 Wafting the wild bee's gentle hum,
 Or cuckoo's plaintive roundelay.

Where'er thy morning breath has play'd
 • Whatever isles of ocean fann'd,
 • Come to my blossom-woven shade,
 Thou wandering wind of fairy-land.

For sure from some enchanted isle
 Where Heaven and Love their Sabbath hold,
 Where pure and happy spirits smile,
 Of beauty's fairest, brightest mould;

From some green Eden of the deep,
 Where Pleasure's sigh alone is heaved,
 Where tears of rapture lovers weep,
 Endear'd, undoubting, undeceiv'd !

From some sweet paradise afar,
 • Thy music wanders, distant, lost—
 • Where Nature lights her leading star
 And love is never, never cross'd.

• Ah gentle gale of Eden bowers,
 If back thy rosy feet should roam,
 To revel with the cloudless Hours
 In Nature's more propitious home,

Name to thy loved Elysian groves,
 That o'er enchanted spirits twine,
 A fairer form than cherub loves,
 Add let the name be CAROLINE.

AMÉLIA OPIE.

THE VIRGIN'S FIRST LOVE.

Yes,—sweet is the joy when ~~our~~ blushes impart
 The youthful affection that glows in the heart,
 It prudence, and duty, and reason approve
 The timid delight of the virgin's first love.

But if the fond virgin be destin'd to feel
 A passion she must in her bosom conceal,
 Lest parents relentless the flame disapprove,
 Where's *then* the delight of the virgin's first love?

If stolen the glance by which love is express,
 If sighs when half heaved be with terror suppress,
 If whispers of passion suspicion must move,
 Where's then the delight of the virgin's first love?

Or if (ah! too faithful!) with fondness she sighs
 For one who has ceased her affections to prize,
 Forgetting the vows by whose magic he strove
 To gain that rich treasure the virgin's first love,—

If tempted by interest he venture to shun
 The gentle affection his tenderness won,
 Through passion's soft maze with another to rove,
 Where's then the delight of the virgin's first love?

Her eye, when the tale of his treach'ry she hears,
 Now beams with disdain, and now glimmers with tears;
 Ah! what can the arrow, then rankling, remove?
 Farewell the delight of the virgin's first love!

And see, sad companion of mental distress,
 Disease steals upon her in healths flattering dress:
 Oh! surely that bloom every fear should remove!
 Ah! no;—seek its cause in the virgin's first love.

Still brighter the colour appears on her cheek,
 Her eye boasts a lustre no language can speak:—
 But vain are the hopes these appearances move,
 Fond parent! they spring from the virgin's first love.

And soon while unconscious that fate hovers near,
 While hope's flattering smiles on her features appear.
 No struggle, no groan, his approaches to prove,
 DEATH ends the fond dream of the virgin's first love

THOMAS WADE.

THE TEAR.

There is a sweet salt in thy kisses, dear!
 That dwell upon thy lips, like ocean foam
 Dropp'd from the whirling airs: what wandering tear
 Hath left the palace of its orb'd home;
 Straying from crystal over warm carnation,
 Unto thy rich mouth's curving almondine,
 Where half its dew is minister'd to mine
 In our fix'd greeting's balmy implication.
 Be it the herald of a tempest-shower
 Enclouded in the heaven of thy heart;
 Or but a summer drop, which the warm power
 Of love doth to the air of sighs impart;
 Like a true Bacchant will I drink it up,
 Keeping my mad lips glued upon the cup!

CAROLINE NORTON.

WOMAN'S DEVOTEDNESS.

And be not thou cast down, because thy lot
 The glory of thy dream resembleth not.
 Not for herself was woman first create,
 Nor yet to be man's idol, but his mate.
 Still from his birth his cradled bed she tends,
 The first, the last, the faithfullest of friends;
 Still finds her place in sickness or in woe,
 Humble to comfort, strong to undergo;
 Still in the depth of weeping, sorrow tries
 To watch his death-bed with her patient eyes!
 And doubt not thou—(although at times deceived,
 Outraged, insulted, slander'd, crush'd, and grieved;
 Too often made a victim or a toy.
 With years of sorrow for an hour of joy,
 Too oft forgot 'midst Pleasure's circling wiles,
 Or only valued for her rosy smiles)—
 That, in the frank and generous heart of man,
 The place she holds accords with Heaven's high plan;
 Still, if from wandering sin reclaim'd at all,
 He sees in her the angel of recall;
 Still, in the sad and serious hours of life
 Turns to the sister, mother, friend, or wife;
 Views with a heart of fond and trustful pride
 His faithful partner by his calm fire-side;

And oft, when barr'd of Fortune's flitting grace,
 Bleak ruin stares him darkly in the face,
 Leans his faint head upon her kindly breast,
 And owns her power to soothe him into rest—
 Owns what the gift of woman's love is worth
 To cheer his toils and trials upon earth

TO TWILIGHT.

Dear art thou to the lover, thou sweet light,
 Fair fleeting sister of the mournful night!
 As in impatient hope he stands apart,
 Companion'd only by his beating heart;
 And with an eager fancy oft beholds
 The vision of a white robe's fluttering folds
 Flit through the grove, and gain the open mead,
 True to the hour by loving hearts agreed!
 At length she comes. The evening's holy grace
 Mellows the glory of her radiant face;
 The curtain of that daylight faint and pale,
 Hangs round her like the shading of a veil;
 As turning with a bashful timid thought
 From the dear welcome she herself hath sought,
 Her shadowy profile drawn against the sky
 Cheats while it charms his fond adoring eye.

ROBERT C. SANDS.

PARTING

Say, when afar from mine thy home shall be,
 Still will thy soul unchanging turn to me?
 When other scenes in beauty round thee lie,
 Will these be present to thy mental eye?
 Thy form, thy mind, when others fondly praise,
 Wilt thou forget thy poet's humbler lays?
 Ah me! what is there, in earth's various range,
 That time and absence may not sadly change?
 And can the heart, that still demands new ties,
 New thoughts, for all its thousand sympathies—
 The waxen heart, where every seal may set
 In turn, its stamp—remain unaltered yet,
 While nature changes with each fleeting day,
 And seasons dance their varying course away?
 Ah! shouldst thou swerve from truth, all else must part,
 That yet can feed with life this withered heart!
 Whate'er its doubts, its hopes, its fears may be,
 'T were, even in madness, faithful still to thee,
 And shouldst thou snap that silver chord in twain,
 The golden bowl no other links sustain;
 Crushed in the dust, its fragments then must sink,
 And the cold earth its latest life-drops drink.
 Blame not, if oft, in melancholy mood,
 This theme, too far, sick fancy hath pursued;
 And if the soul, which high with hope should beat,
 Turns to the gloomy grave's unblest retreat.

But I will trust that heart where true alone,
 In loveliest guise, sits radiant on her throne ;
 And thus believing, fear not all the power
 Of absence drear, or time's most tedious hour.
 If e'er I sigh to win the wreaths of fame,
 And write on memory's scroll a deathless name,
 'Tis but thy loved, approving smile to meet,
 And lay the budding laurels at thy feet.
 If e'er for worldly wealth I heave a sigh,
 And glittering visions float on fancy's eye,
 'Tis but with rosy wreaths thy path to spread,
 And place the diadem on beauty's head.
 Queen of my thoughts, each subject to thy sway,
 Thy ruling presence lives but to obey ;
 And shouldst thou e'er their blessed allegiance slight,
 The mind must wander, lost in endless night.

Farewell ! forget me not, when others gaze
 Enamoured on thee, with thine looks of praise ;
 When weary leagues before my view are cast,
 And each dull hour seems heavier than the last,
 Forget me not. May joy thy steps attend,
 And mayst thou find in every form a friend ;
 With care unsullied be thy every thought ;
 And in thy dreams of home, forget me not !

EVAN RIISÉ.

SONG OF THE FORSAKEN.

The mountain paths are beautiful
 Where once thy footsteps trod,
 And softly wave the tall green trees
 Around our lone abode ;
 The evening's mystic melodies
 Are floating on the air,
 And all things mingle into rest
 But thou, thou art not there.

In every glade, on every hill,
 Is left a trace of thee—
 Along the course of every stream,
 And by the boundless sea ;
 But summer shines less gloriously
 Creation is less fair,
 And every flower has lost a leaf,
 For now thou art not there.

When laughing youth is by my side,
 When every face speaks glad,
 And sounds of happiness arise,
 I only think of thee ;

When roaming in deep solitude
 O'er mountains lone and bare,
 In heaviness of heart I cry—
 "If thou, if thou wert there!"

Thou stood'st the spirit of the place,
 A fresher shade to breathe,
 Along each scene of loveliness,
 And summer's fairest wreath;
 No form of frail humanity
 May once with thee compare—
 No peace—no joy can e'er be mine,
 Till thou again art there.

LORD JOHN MANNERS.

STANZAS.

Most beautiful, I love thee
 By thy eye of melting blue,
 In life and death I'll prove me
 Faithful, kind, and true!

Most beautiful, I love thee!
 By the heart that now I give,
 Oh! let my fond prayers move thee
 To bid me hope and live!

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM

"AWAKE MY LOVE."

Awake my love ! ere morning's ray
 Throws off night's weed of pilgrim grey ;
 Ere yet the hare, cowered close from view,
 Licks from her fleece the clover dew ;
 Or wild swan shakes her snowy wings ;
 By hunters roused from secret springs ;
 Or birds upon the boughs awake,
 Till green Arbiglands' woodlands shake.

She combed her curling ringlets down,
 Laced her green jupes, and clasped her shoon,
 And from her home by Preston-burn
 Came forth the rival light of morn.
 The lark's song dropped, now loud, now hush—
 The goldspink answered from the bush—
 The plover, fed on heather crop,
 Called from the misty mountain top.

'Tis sweet, she said, while thus the day
 Grows into gold from silvery grey,
 To hearken heaven, and bush, and brake,
 Instinct with soul of song—awake—
 To see the smoke in many a wreath,
 Stream blue from hall and bower beneath,
 Where yon blithe mower hastes along,
 With glittering scythe and rustic song.

ELIZABETH K. BARRETT.

Yet lovely one! and dost thou mark
The moral of yon carolling lark!
Takest thou from Nature's counsellor tongue
The warning precept of her song?
Each bird that shakes the dewy grove,
Warms its wild note with nuptial love—
The bird, the bee, with various sound,
Proclaims the sweets of wedlock round.

ELIZABETH K. BARRETT.

THE CONFESSION. .

There is a language by the virgin made,
Not read but felt, not utter'd but betray'd,
A mute communion, yet so wondrous sweet,
Eyes must impart what tongue can ne'er repeat.
'Tis written on her cheeks and meaning brows;
In one short glance whole volumes it avows;
In one short moment tells of many days,
In one short speaking silence all conveys.
Joy, sorrow, love recounts—hope, pity, fear,
And looks a sigh, and weeps without a tear.
Oh! 'tis so chaste, so touching, so refined—
So soft, so wistful, so sincere, so kind!
Were eyes melodious, and could music shower
From orient rays new striking on a flower, ..
Such heavenly music from that glance might rise,
And angels own the music of the skies.

REV. GEORGE CROK

BEAUTY.

I've seen the eye of sunny blue,
 And lips like rubies dipt in dew,
 And locks in sunny radiance wreathing,
 And forms, like alabaster breathing;
 And felt that Beauty never stole
 A lasting fetter on the soul;
 As lightning swift, and free as wind,
 The mind alone can chain the mind.

It is not in the witchery
 Of rosy lip, or azure eye,
 Nor in the deeper sacrifice
 Of cheeks abash'd, and whisper'd sighs;
 Light as the summer-meteor's glance
 It startles from the tempting trance;
 Or won:—as quickly lost as won,—
 Waves its bright pinion, and is gone.

Where then to find the spell that flings
 The fetter on these wav'ring wings?
 'Tis in the native truth of heart,
 That scorns the thought of female art,
 That keenly thrill'd by joy or pain,
 Disdains the thrill to hide, or feign;
 And anxious but one heart to move,
 Toils not for triumph, but for love.
 On his wild plume this fetter wine,
 The wand'rer's shine, and ever thine.

O'h ! I could give you fact and argument,
Brought from all earth—all life—all history ;—
 tell of gentle lives,
Light as the lark's upon the morning cloud,
Struck down, at once, by the keen shaft of love ?
Of hearts, that flow'd like founts of happiness,
Dried into dust by the wild flame of love ;
Of maiden beauty, wasting all away,
Like a departing vision into air,
Love filling her sweet eyes with midnight tears,
Till death upon its bosom pillow'd her ;
Of noble nature sou'nd ; rich minds obscured ;
High hopes turn'd blank ; nay, of the king's crown
Mouldering amid the embers of the throne ;
And all by love. We paint him as a child,—
When he should sit, a giant on his cloud
The great disturbing spirit of the world.

DOMESTIC LOVE.

Domestic love! not in proud palace halls
Is often seen thy beauty to abide;
Thy dwelling is in lowly cottage walls,
That in the thickets of the woodbine hide;
With hum of bees around, and from the side
Of woody hills some little bubbling spring,
Shining along through banks with harebells dyed;
And many a bird, to warble on the wing,
When morn her saffron robe o'er heaven and earth does
fling.

O love of loves ! to thy white hand is given
 Of earthly happiness the golden key ;
 Thine are the joyous hours of winter's even,
 When the babes cling round their father's knee ;
 And thine the voice that on the midnight sea
 Melts the rude mariner with thoughts of home,
 Peopling the gloom with all he longs to see.
 Spirit ! I've built a shrine, and thou hast come,
 And on its altar closed—for ever closed thy plume !

LEIGH HUNT.

ROSES.

We are blushing roses,
 Bending with our fulness,
 'Midst our close-cropp'd sister bud,
 Warming the green coolness
 Whatsoever of beauty
 Yarns and yet reposes,
 Blush, and bosom, and sweet breath,
 Took a shape in roses.

Hold one of us lightly,—
 See from what a slender
 Stalk we bow'r in heavy blooms,
 And roundness rich and tender.

Know you not our only
 Rival flow'r,—the human ?
 Loveliest weight on lightest foot,
 Joy abundant-worship ?

ROBERT GILFILLAN.

SONG.

Oh! the gowan's in the glen, and the winter is awa',
And through the budding birken tree the summer
breezes blow;

And my heart's wi' my lassie, though my lassie's gang
frae me—

Oh! my heart is wi' my lassie, for wharso else could
it be?

Why did she leave the hawthorn vale, for the city's
glitt'ring show;

She's no like to the city dunes—they're no like her,
ah! no!

Then looks are fu' o' wardly pride, but soul is in
her e'e,

And ye'se get a bluk' o' beauty gin ye my lassie see!

And it's—oh! wi' her to wander far frae the city's din,
Whare the bonnie streams meander—the singin' bur-
nies rin;—

Whare the lark is piping his music in the clude,
And the blackbird is pouring his wild notes in the
woods!

Oh! her love is ever true, and her heart is ever warm,
And her smile to nature's loveliness, it adds another
charm!

Oh! the gowan's in the glen, and the lily's on the lea,
And my heart is wi' my lassie—where'er my lassie be!

SARA COLERIDGE,

SONG.

FROM "FANTASION"

Many a fountain cool and shady
 May the traveller's eye invite;
 One among them all, sweet Lady,
 Seems to flow for his delight
 In many a tree the wilding bee
 Might safely hide her honey'd store,
 One hive alone the bee will own,
 She may not trust her sweets to more.

Say'st thou, "Can that maid be fairer?
 Shows her lip a livelier dye?
 Hath she treasures richer, rarer?
 Can she better love than I?"
 What formed the spell I ne'er could tell,
 But subtle must its working be,
 Since, from the hour I felt its pow'r
 No fairer face I wish to see.

Light-wing'd Zephyr, ere he settles
 On the loveliest flower that blows,
 Never stays to count thy petals,
 Dear, delicious fragrant Rose!
 Her features bright elude my sight,
 I know not how her tresses lie;
 In fancy's maze my spirit plays,
 When she with all her charms is nigh.

BENJAMIN: SIMMONS.

TO A LOVER OF FLOWERS.

Still gentle Lady, cherish flowers—

• True fairy friends are they,
On whom of all thy cloudless hours
Not one is thrown away,
By them, unlike man's ruder race,
No care conferr'd is spurn'd,
But all thy fond and fostering grace
A thousand-fold return'd.

The rose repays thee all thy smiles—

The stainless lily rears
Dew in the chalice of its wiles
As sparkling as thy tears.
The glances of thy gladd'ning eyes
Not thanklessly are pour'd;
In the blue violet's tender dyes
Behold them all restor'd.

Yon bright carnation—once thy cheek
Bent o'er it in the bud;

• And back it gives thy blushes meek
In one rejoicing flood!

That balm has treasured all thy sighs,
That snowdrop touch'd thy brow,
Thus, not a charm of thine shall die,
Thy painted people vow.

HENRY ELISON

ON LOVING.

Have something still to love, e'en tho' it be
 Naught but a flower : ~~on~~ the worm below
 Thy feet itself—for Love and Hope are so
 Twinn'd with each other, closely join'd as the
 Two rose-buds on one stalk, that still where we
 First love, there, too, we hope ; and these, you know,
 Are the springheads of being, whence must flow
 Its relish and its charm ; an eye to see
 All things with love, that is the highest good
 Yea, all in one ! it is the microscope,
 With which new worlds of beauty we may ope,
 E'en in the smallest thing that round us lies ;
 And yet the telescope, with which to show
 Glories beyond the stars, and open throw
 The gates of heaven ! for, where love is, what should
 There not be also ? Love can grasp the skies !
 And he who simply loves has all he could
 Of bliss, in each of its varieties ;
 Lo ! in how small a space, *all* Paradise !

ROBERT ARIS WILLMOTT

TO FANNY.

The spirit of mine eyes is faint
 With gazing on thy light :
 I close my eyelids, and within
 I see thee shining bright,
 Glowing through the mist of gloom,
 Like flower-bird at night !

